# NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

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## ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

### A KENTUCKY FIGHT.

'Ay, gouge and bite—pull hair and scratch!'

The fight—the fight!—oh yes, I will tell you the story:—It was at a small ordinary tavern in ——. I had dined, and was sitting [illegible] cigar. A noise attracted my attention, and on turning, I found it proceeded from half a dozen burley fellows—beastly drunk, they called themselves—that had come there to wind up their constitutions with potations of rye whiskey. Glass after glass of the *critter* went down their throats with the accompaniment of oaths and yells, and with each glass they became more and more elated. It was election day, and they were qualifying themselves to give plumpers for their drunken candidate who had just finished a stump speech about half a mile off.

'He's a screamer,' said one.

'He's bottom,' said another.

'He's grit to the back bone—plenty of liquor,' said a third.

'He's real republican, no ruffled shirt nor clean hands about him,' said a fourth.

'Hurrah! hurrah!' they yelled together, and were just leaving the room when they saw me.

'Ah! a Yankee by all that's mighty!' cried one of them 'come, stranger, tote out here, and bolt this liquor'—and as this was said,a tumbler filled to the brim with *raw whiskey* was put into my hand.

'I'm a temperance man,' said I, 'it is against my principles.'

'D—n your principles—run the water'—exclaimed one.

'Pour it into his ears,' said a second.

'Or down his throat with a tunnel,' cried a third.

'Come stranger,' said a fourth approaching and grabbing me by the collar—

'Handle him,' bawled another.

'Gentlemen I—'

'Don't gentlemen us,' said the first, 'we're no gentlemen so how you can fix it—we're real wolf bread, born in a canebrake, and suckled by a hippopotamus—raal Kentuck from the tips of our noses to our toe-nails.'

'But gentlemen—'

'Come, none of your gumfudgion to us; down with the liquor at once, or instead of a gentleman, we'll make less than a man of you in the twinkling of a thunderclap.'

As he finished, I set the glass down. They swore I should drink it. I remonstrated in gentle terms—told them I loathed it—pretended sickness—but yet they cursed me, and calling me a *white livered* fool, swore I *should* drink it.

Gentle words having no effect, I thought to intimidate them by a show of bravery, and to that end took out one of my pistols. They told me they were not to be *skeered* so easily,and only cursed me the more roundly, while one of them again put the glass into my hand. I must confess that I found my courage fast leaving me and I was in the act of raising my hand to quaff the liquor, thinking it the only way to be rid of a bad scrape, when a yell of triumph burst from them and determined me on a different course. I dashed the vessel into ten thousand atoms.

In a moment a scoundrel had me by the collar—the next I had flung him off and was standing in the corner with my pistol presented.

'I will shoot the first man that dares touch me,' said I.

'Hurrah, stranger, that's gritty,' shouted one, a giant of a fellow as he began to approach.

'I *shall* fire,' said I.

'And be d—d,' said he, still advancing.

I took deliberate aim, and the instant he touched me I pulled—

The cloth flew from his frock, and retreating a step or two, he broke into oaths—

'By Gaud, stranger,' said he, 'do you know me?—do you know what *stuff* I'm made of? Clear steamboat—ice-horse—alligator—run agin me, run agin a snag—jam by—whoop; got the best jack-knife—smartest wife—blackest child—shaggiest dog—fastest horse—prettiest sister and biggest whiskers of any man hereabouts—I can lick my weight in wild cats, or any man in all Kentuck.'

'Well,' said I, and I stood stock still looking at the fellow and wondering what he meant.

'Come out here,' said he, 'come out here if you're a man—rough and tumble.'

'Gouging,' said one of the gang.

'Look ye!' said I, 'look ye, scoundrels—I do not well understand you; you are large men, I am small—but let me caution you, that you won't find me so feeble as you think. I can thrash the whole of you, one at a time.'

Years before I had practised sparring successfully and to that ability I was determined to rely.

There was a pause.

'What say you,' said I, 'are we to quarrel?'

They all nodded, and began to rub their hands.

'Well,' said I, 'choose any one of your number—promise you will not interfere, any of you, and there is my pistol.'

As I said this, I discharged it—the ball rattled against the chimney and rolled back on the floor. One of them picked it up.

'Hellfreation, it was loaded,' said he, 'it's black with powder, and hot now.

'*Loaded*,' said the fellow I had shot, 'to be sure it was —see there!' running his hand into his bosom, and pulling it out covered with blood—'*loaded*, yes that it was, and we must ha' it out!'

'Then you and I are to fight, hey!' said I.

'To be sure—all ready!—cocked and primed—all ready!'

At this there was a general outcry, all present setting up a shout and shaking their hats.

'Wait a moment,' said I, 'I'm not ready so fast—I heard you speak of gouging—are we to gouge?'

'Ay, gouge and bite—pull hair and scratch!' was the answer, and again they yelled in chorus.

'And *strangle* too, I suppose,' said I, thinking if anything would have an effect on them, it would be a show of self-confidence and coolness.

As I spoke, I tore off my stock with a jerk and the collar and bosom of my shirt followed—by which means my chest became exposed, and as he caught sight of it, I saw him quail—and well he might, for it is frightful—constant exercise and my daily habit of sparring has thrown out the muscles, so that when he saw them they were quivering among the luxuriant black hair with which my breast is covered, like a wounded and exasperated snake.

'Come on,' said I throwing myself into position to receive him.

He leaped at me—I sprang aside and he struck the wall with such violence that it stunned him, and he fell at my feet. Impatient I waited his recovery, for I felt that I could easily level him. At length he gathered himself up and with curses cast upon me—I parried his blows, and gave him two in return—one in the pit of the stomach and one in the face, that made the blood gush from his nostrils in a steady stream—he staggered against the wall and stood there retching and panting for more than a minute, with the blood and whiskey running together from his mouth—but the next moment I was under him as helpless as a babe, stunned and suffocating. Suddenly I felt his great hand, wreathed in my hair, and the thumb approaching my right eye digging about my temple—I remembered what I had heard—*it was gouging?*—the thought was madness—with one effort I grappled at his throat—I reached it—I seized the loose flesh and twisted it—he uttered a shriek of agony—his hold began to loosen—his swollen tongue rolled out of his mouth—his hand fell and his breath rattled in his throat—I quit my hold and he rolled from me senseless, black in the face, and apparently dead.

I trembled in every joint,shuddered for fear I was a *murderer*, and fell senseless at his side.

* * * *

I revived—opposite me was my antagonist, already recovered, and his comrades—he took me by the hand and acknowledged himself beat. We spent the day together, and they were ready to worship me—to *fight for* me, for I had conquered their champion.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

*Communication upon the 'Law Letter,' just published.*

MR. EDITOR—I have just finished a letter, addressed to, and designed for the guidance of a young gentleman about entering upon the study of the law.

Viewing the law and its upright ministers, as I do, with no selfish considerations, disconnected with the vital interests of the great whole, I read this unpretending pamphlet with no ordinary pleasure. It puts the subject upon the true foundation; a basis which all the revolutions of ages, whether political or religious, have never been able to overturn. A spirit of anarchy and a blind zeal for the accomplishment of some unknown object, will for a time, threaten the community with its withering blasts, the people will for a time aid a cause, proclaimed by ignorant demagogues,to be fraught with some substantial good, jealousy which is ever ready to imagine evil, adds its fuel to the flame, until uproar and confusion so disturb the peace of society, that the very men who have been foremost in their attempts to prostrate the law, will be appalled at the results of their own efforts, and in their consternation call upon the law, like the traveller upon Hercules, to save them from themselves. When we look back upon the records of the past, we find that the brightest spots in the history of man have been when and where the law has been most respected.

Look at the bright train of intellect and virtue, which has guided our destinies from 1760 to the present hour—*learned* men of all professions—men who put little value upon cheap things—who acted upon the true ground, that precious things are obtained at great cost—whether appertaining to liberty or law.—I profess to be a yeoman but wish to live under a government of laws, and can never believe, that those laws framed upon the foundation of nature itself, and adapted to all the various wants of the great family of man, can be safely administered by any but such as deep research and long experience have qualified for those high duties.

I am aware that some late movements in our commonwealth, savour much of the idea, that 'ignorance is bliss', and consequently, that it is folly to be wise';let such enjoy themselves in their own way; would I could be wise—in early times some superstitious mothers pronounced any precocious symptoms in their children, to be precursors of early death—we are slow to believe that our country is in any immediate danger from a surfeit of wisdom and knowledge particularly in the learned professions—while we would recommend the letter to which we have alluded to all fair minds, such as are not afraid of the truth, we would conclude by laying down one proposition which it is believed always was and always will be true; that—That the power of a man to do good, and the respect which he will command in life, is in a direct ratio to the amount of virtue and sound learning he may possess.

YEOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

### MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

*On the Association of Professors and Amateurs.*

THAT there is a reigning jealousy existing between Amateurs and Professors, which is too commonly fatal alike to their good understanding, and to the cause of music,wherever the talents of Professors and Amateurs are conjointly employed, is but too true, and while this opinion is in some degree mutual,it must be admitted that there is a mutual cause. The Professors suffer most severely, because their interests and their feelings are all concentered in Music. Amateurs, on the contrary, are very rarely susceptible of any stronger excitement, or exposed to any greater injury than the disappointment they sometimes experience in the disallowance of the pretensions they advance as occasional performers. Hence the Profession are most commonly more irritable and more irritated, and are liable to carry their provocation, their complaints, and their vengeance to greater lengths than Amateurs; who, however, are seldom slow to use the power which influence gives them over the fortunes of the Professor. Perhaps both may be benefitted by an exposition of the grounds of their disagreement.

Amateurs universally believe, that whatever encourages and propagates a love of music is beneficial to the Professor: and under this view of the subject they consider themselves fully entitled to the best services the Professor can render to their plans for the performance of Concerts and Oratorios. Whenever such performances occur, the Professor is nominally a King, while the Amateur really is 'Viceroy over him.' The Professor's notions of place, precedency, taste and science, are all made to stoop to a subserviency to the display which the Amateur is anxious to make of his own powers. If the latter be even conscious of inferiority, there is in his mind an universal salve to his reputation against all failure in a single sentence,—'*Music is not the sole business, but the casual amusement of my life*,' and armed in this panoply, he takes his station in the very front rank of the battle. He moreover neither suspects nor intends any infringement on the rights or feelings of the Professor, he considers that music must ever be delightful; and not having nicely weighed and examined, or thought it at all necessary to lay down very exactly the reason and rule of his conduct, he proceeds upon the principle without discovering it that the exhibition is established for his own gratification, and the Professor bound to administer to it with all the energy he is master of. The Amateur never reflects for a moment that the playing or the singing which enchants him, and to which he comes fresh in the hopes of praise and enjoyment, have been the toilsome occupation of the musician during all the long hours and days of the week, that the ears and the judgment of the Professor are both polished and indurated by the same process: and that generally speaking, he is wearied and disgusted at the want of change, or at the deficiencies of his Amateur companions. But n'*importe*, it is all vastly charming.

These may appear to some very extravagant pretensions or very thoughtless negligences, if fairly described, as indeed I think they are; but in justice to the Amateurs, to which class I myself belong, I must urge in our defence that our errors proceed not from a want of respect to the feelings or to the judgment of the profession, but from not seeing the fact or even understanding the necessity of such distinctions. We are content, because we know we are the friends of the Professor; we have a consciousness of intending to advance his interest, we believe we do so,and we believe also (taking it upon his general assurance) that he is as much amused with the performance of music, in which he has his part, as we are, at least we entertain not the most distant notion that music can be tiresome or painful. Moreover we are too apt to regard our state as a republic, which according to the constitution of nature herself, degenerates into a monarchy or oligarchy, as the influence of mind and fortune predominates, from which the Professor is generally excluded. We err it must be confessed: but our error hath this extenuation, it is not intentional.

Such are the sins of omission and commission by Amateurs against the Professor, who is not, however, without his share of misdemeanor. He enters into the musical copartnership with a profound contempt for the acquirements of his coadjutors (unless they happen to be his own scholars) and with a determination to employ them to his own purposes. If he administers to vanity, he expects to mould the Amateur into a staunch adherent to all his interests and into a powerful agent in all his cabals, he previously determines to use the acquaintance,or the friendship to which he attains, to press forward persons into the service of his concerts, and in recommendation to pupils; in short, completely to turn the Amateur to account, and bitterly indeed does he feel and resent the slightest supposed deviation from any particular, in which his interest or his personal importance is involved. It is with these views that he submits to the drudgery of assisting in exhibitions which he most commonly despises; which,in his heart he regards as so many deductions from the profit that he might make by public performances and as drawbacks upon his own reputation as an artist or as a conductor. In a few words, he loathes the Amateur as far as music is concerned, and he loathes him the more, because of the necessity he labors under to contribute to an importance of which he generally imagines himself to be the true and only support.

These are no very agreeable portraits; but the general likeness will be recognised, and if they are not relished, it will be because they do not flatter.

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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

### A SKETCH.

SHE was *ugly*—decidedly, unequivocally and alarmingly ugly; her countenance was a perfect *lusus naturæ*—each particular feature was the acme of ugliness in itself, and seemed to have been formed without any reference to the rest of her visnomy. One gazed upon her with a mingled sensation of awe and gratification; for there was a species of complacency and satisfaction in the assurance that you were contemplating one of the most astonishing productions of nature—a feeling something akin to that which we experience at the exhibition of a boa constrictor or a laughing hyena.

*She did not think herself beautiful!*—Strange! But ah! she entertained the strikingly original opinion that she was unspeakably fascinating and agreeable. Dismal! Imagine an elephant attempting a pirouette, or a pig practising a bravura.

*She smiled*—slowly and gradually her mouth began to extend until nothing was visible in her countenance but a single cavern-like smile from ear to ear. It was a remarkable, a mysterious smile, and the spectator experienced a breathless anxiety to know how her face was ever to accomplish the seemingly impossible exploit of resuming its pristine appearance.

*She spoke*—and the sound of her voice sent a death-like chill through every nerve in the system. The filing of a saw or the death-song of a screech-owl would have been relaxation to the ear after it had undergone the intense excitement produced by the tones of that wonderful, that indescribable voice.

*She was a blue*—every third word which she uttered, seemed sufficient to crack the jaws of the speaker,and split the ears of the unfortunate listener. Vehement and impassioned was her discourse concerning the sublime essence of the human mind, outrageously tender and alarmingly pathetic were her exclamations on the extatic delights of sympathetic friendship;and the blissful union of two congenial hearts in heavenly bonds of love! All this was communicated through the medium of that voice which seemed like the echo of the night-mare's neigh, ever and anon accompanied by one of those would-be-fascinating charnel-house smiles.

*She was my companion in the stage coach!* The rain poured in torrents, and the wind blew a hurricane. Besides ourselves, there was in the stage an elderly gentleman and his wife, and a booby son—they all slept sweetly. For myself, I could not sleep, my attention was so entirely absorbed in gazing upon this wonderful specimen of feminine incongruity, and she—I do not believe she ever dared to trust herself to sleep; if she did, heavens, what dreams she must have had! For the present, at least, she did not think of sleeping—she sat uneasily and discontentedly upon her seat—her eyes glanced impatiently from one to the other of the passengers, and at last rested, with a peculiar expression, upon me. Had they been basilisks, I could not have remained more still and breathless than I did.—She smiled painfully upon me—I could not move or stir—I was spell-bound—and remained rivetted to the spot as if I had been petrified. Anon the words tumbled over one another from her lips with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. Never before heard I such magic volubility. Her taste was singular, for she was delighted with the sound of her own voice—and I was not often called upon to speak, but at intervals, I was obliged to falter out a monosyllable of assent. The exertion well nigh exhausted me. Imagine the horrors of my situation. Behold me withering under the infliction of that ear-grating, soul-harrowing voice, and scorching in the full blaze of that countenance and smile which seemed the ever-varying types of supreme, unearthly ugliness. My blood froze in my veins—my hair stood on end—my brain was maddening—refuge or escape seemed impossible. I closed my eyes in convulsive agony —still that countenance seemed to glare upon me, and the voice sounded more terrific than ever. Two dreadful hours did I endure this torture, and eight more remained before I should arrive at my journey's end! But man is mortal, and there is an end to human endurance. 'Driver!' shouted I in a voice of thunder. The stage stopped—and in spite of the mad fury of the winds and the terrific violence of the 'tremendous rain,' I mounted the coachman's box, content 'to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,' on the outside for the rest of the way. I was confined to my room for the next fortnight by a sore-throat accompanied with fever. Gods! Never shall I forget that ride in the stage-coach!!

Gentle and sympathetic reader! I am a man who has drunk deep of this world's bitterness. I have been hissed, while addressing an audience, among whom I supposed I was particularly popular, and whose favor I was exceedingly anxious to propitiate—I have been cased by mistake for another person—have had a farce which was damned, attributed to me, and have lived six weeks upon Graham bread—but never did I experience such intense and agonizing misery as I endured during the two hours' ride with that never-to-be-forgotten incarnation of every thing that is monstrous!

—D.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COWARD.

NO II.

*'A FIGHT! A FIGHT!'*

I WAS born a coward. When a boy I knew it—and because I did not like that others should know it, I determined, as I have since found is the best way to get through the world, to put the best face on the matter—I therefore affected to be quarrelsome; taking care however, not to fight with them that I was afraid of. Thus I bullied on, for a long while, shirking clear of every battle and yet saving myself from the appellation of coward. After a while, however, I found myself brought to the scratch—a boy of my age and size who rejoiced in the appellation of Bully, grew insupportably insolent, and took every occasion to insult me in public. My school-mates noticed it—they tho't at first that it was my forbearance, but at last they saw through me and began to whisper of cowardice; then it was that I felt my blood begin to course more swiftly thro' my veins—it began to boil, absolutely boil—my skin burnt and huge drops of sweat rolled down my face—I began to forget my cowardice and think only of the taunts I had received, for he had called me coward to my teeth—for some time I could not speak, but at last my passion found vent.

'If you say it again, Jim,' said I, 'I will cuff you.' I said it, but I did not mean it—I was not brave enough for that.

'You dar'nt cow—'—coward he would have said, but on the last syllable could be pronounced he caught a blow from me that sent him rolling in the gutter. It was some minutes before he recovered himself, and in the meanwhile I stood like one petrified—I was astonished at myself—I began to doubt my own identity. What! Jim Bent struck by me—it could not be—it was impossible. As soon as he recovered, he walked up to me with a hypocritical face, as if nothing had happened, and when I least expected it, and before I was aware, struck me several light blows in succession. They did not hurt me, but they jarred my blood a little, for they were spitefully given.

'Go down with me behind that building, and I will flog you;' said he, pointing to a large warehouse that stood on Hancock's wharf.

'With all my heart,' said I.

'A fight!—a fight!'—shouted the boys, as we started.

Jim never walked faster in his life—but he was not fast enough to outwalk me, for I followed close at his heels.—when we arrived at the store, he thought it quite too public a place—

'We should be parted'—he said.

I proposed the Common—he assented, and thither we went side by side, the boys still following. Jim did not speak a word, his courage like that of Bob Acres, evidently began to ooze out at his fingers' ends,while imperceptibly, it seemed, I became possessed of it.

When we reached there, he was pale, and evidently frightened at the show of courage I exhibited—he did not expect it, and he was not prepared for it. For my own part I must confess that I wished I were well rid of the scrape;—hitherto the state of excitement I had been in,had kept me 'to the work,' but now that we were coolly to have a 'set to,' I sickened at the task.

It was a hot day, and we stripped nearly to the skin. He gave the first blow—it was a timid one, but yet it was a blow. Had he hesitated, I think the matter might have been compromised—but as it was I could do no less than fight it out. I returned his blow, therefore and thereupon began the fight—on, on we fought, till we were so exhausted, that, like tired game cocks we were obliged to stop for breath. Again we renewed the fight, and again we fought like furies—he had a name to lose, I had one to gain. I pressed upon him,and my valor seemed to frighten him, indeed as I plied the blows thick and fast, I could see that he was afraid—yes, *afraid of me!*

At length, concentrating all my energies, I dealt him a blow that prostrated him—he evinced his fear then, for he lay on his back and kicked at me with his feet. And yet, while he was down, coward as I was, I take credit to myself, I did not strike him. No—I took no advantage of *him*, but how different was the reverse—no sooner had he regained his feet, than taking me unawares he gave me a bloody nose.

Again we fought—again our blows told, but mine seemed favored—I hammered him till he could barely stand—till we could scarcely draw breath—we stood like gorged bloodhounds before each other panting with our mouths wide open and bloody. We could fight no more—we had not strength sufficient—we were like two wild beasts that had wrestled their lives away.

'I will fight you another time,' said Jim.

'As you please, when you please, and where you please,' was my answer.

I did not wish to press the fray further, for I felt that my object was achieved—that I had conquered—not that I had *whipped him*—I did not expect *that*. He had said that he *would* whip me, and I had satisfied him that he could not. And yet—*I was a coward!*

## EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### THE BATTLE GROUND AT NEW ORLEANS

FROM 'THE SOUTHWEST BY A YANKEE.'

I have just returned from a visit to the scene of American resolution and individual renown—the battle ground of New-Orleans. The Aceldama, where one warrior-chief drove his triumphal car over the grave of another—the field of 'fame and glory' from which the 'hero of two wars' plucked the chaplet which encircles his brow, and the *eclat* which has elevated him to a throne!—

The field of battle lies between five and six miles below the city, on the left bank, on the New-Orleans side of the river. The road conducting us to it, wound pleasantly along the Levee; its unvarying level relieved by delightful gardens, and pleasant country seats—(one of which, constructed like a Chinese villa, struck me as being eminently tasteful and picturesque)—skirting it upon one side, and by the noble, lake-like Mississippi on the other, which, bearing upon its waveless bosom a hundred white sails, and a solitary tow-boat leading, like a conqueror, a fleet in her train—rolled silently and majestically past to the ocean. When, in our own estimation, and, no doubt, in that of our horses, we had accomplished the prescribed two leagues, we reined up at a steam saw-mill, erected and in full operation on the road-side, and inquired for some directions to the spot—not discerning in the peaceful plantations before us any indications of the scene of so fierce a struggle as that which took place, when England and America met in proud array, and the military standards of each waved to the 'battle and the breeze.' Although, on ascending the river in the ship, I obtained a moonlight glance of the spot, I received no impression of its *locale* sufficiently accurate to enable me to recognise it under different circumstances. An extensive, level field was spread out before us, apparently the peaceful domain of some planter, who probably resided in some piazza-girted cottage which stood on the banks of the river. But this field, we at once decided, could not be the battle-field—so quiet and farm-like it reposed.—'There,' was our reflection, 'armies can never have met! there warriors can never have stalked in the pride of victory with

'——garments rolled in blood!'

Yet peaceful as it slumbered there, that domain had once rung with the clangor of war. It *was* the battle-field! But silence now reigned

'——where the free blood gushed
When England came arrayed—
So many a voice had there been hushed,
So many a foot-step stayed.'

In reply to our inquiries, made of one apparently superintending the steam-works, we received simply the laconic 'Follow me gentlemen!' We gladly accommodated the paces of our spirited horses to those of our obliging and very practical informant, who alertly preceded us blessing the stars which had given us so unexpectedly, a cicerone, who, from his vicinity to the spot, must be *au fait* in all the interesting minutiæ of so celebrated a place. Following our guide a few hundred yards further down the river-road, we passed on the left hand a one story wooden dwelling house situated at a short distance back from the road, having a gallery, or portico, in front, and elevated upon a basement story of brick, like most other houses built immediately on the river. This, our guide informed us, was the house occupied by General Jackson as head quarters: 'and there' he continued, pointing to a planter's residence two or three miles further down the river, 'is the mansion-house of General, (late governor,) Villere, which was occupied by Sir Edward Packenham as the head-quarters of the British army.'

'But the battle-ground—where is that sir?' we inquired, as he silently continued his rapid walk in advance of us.

'There it is,' he replied after walking on a minute or two longer in silence, and turning the corner of a narrow, fenced lane which extended from the river to the forest covered marshes—'there it is, gentlemen,'—and at the same time extended his arm in the direction of the peaceful plain, which we had before observed,—spread out like a carpet, it was so very level— till it terminated in the distant forests, by which and the river, or it was nearly enclosed. Riding a quarter of a mile down the lane, we dismounted, and leaving our horses in the road, sprang over a fence, and in a few seconds stood upon the American breast-works.

'When' said a mercurial friend lately, in describing his feelings on first standing upon the same spot,—'when I leaped upon the embankment, my first impulse was to give vent to my excited feelings by a shout that might have awakened the mailed sleepers from their sleeep of death.' Our emotions—for strong and strange emotions will be irresistibly excited in the breast of every one, 'to war's dark scenes unused,' on first beholding the scene of a sanguinary conflict, between man and man, whether it be grisly with carnage, pleasantly waving with the yellow harvest, or carpeted with green —our emotions though perhaps equally deep, exhibited themselves very differently. For some moments, after gaining our position, we stood wrapped in silence. The wild and terrible scenes of which the ground we trod had been the theatre, passed vividly before my mind with all the distinctness of reality, impressing it with reflections of a deep and solemn character. I stood upon the graves of the fallen: Every footfall disturbed human ashes! Human dust gathered upon our shoes as the dust of the plain! My thoughts were too full for utterance. 'On the very spot where I stand'—thought I, 'some gallant fellow poured out the best blood of his heart! Here, pent me, and around me, flowed the sanguinary tide of death!—The fierce battle-cry—the bray of trumpets—the ringing of steel on steel—the roar of artillery hurling leaden and iron hail against human breasts—the rattling of musketry—the shouts of the victor, and the groans of the wounded, were here mingled—a whirlwind of noise and death.'

'Under these two oaks, which you see about half a mile over the field, Sir Edward was borne, by his retreating soldiers, to die'—said our guide, suddenly interrupting my momentary reverie. I looked in the direction indicated by his finger, and my eyes rested upon a venerable oak, towering in solitary grandeur over the field, and overshadowing the graves of the slain, who, in great numbers, had been sepultured beneath its shadow. How many eyes were fixed, in the recollection of their village homes amid clustering oaks in distant England, upon this noble tree—which, in a few moments, amid the howl of war, were closed forever in the sleep of the dead! Of how many last looks were its branches the repositories! How many manly sighs were wafted toward its waving summit from the breast of many a brave man, who was never more to behold the wave of a green tree upon the pleasant earth!

It has been stated that Sir Edward Packenham fell, and was buried under this oak, or these oaks, (for I believe there are two,) but I have been informed, since my return from the field, by a gentleman who was commander of a troop of horse in the action, that when the British retreated, he saw from the parapet the body of General Packenham lying alone upon the ground, surrounded by the dead and wounded, readily distinguishable by its uniform; and that during the armistice for the burial of the dead, he saw his body borne from the field by the British soldiers, who afterward conveyed it with them in their retreat to their fleet.

The rampart of earth upon which we stood, presented very little the appearance of having ever been a defence for three thousand breasts; resembling rather one of the numerous dikes constructed on the plantations near the river, to drain the very marshy soil which abounds in this region, than the military defences of a field of battle. It was a grassy embankment, extending, with the exception of an angle near the forest—about a mile in a straight line from the river to the cypress swamps in the rear; four feet high, and five or six feet broad. At the time of the battle it was the height of a man, and somewhat broader than at present, and along the whole front ran a *fosse*, containing five feet of water, and of the same breadth as the parapet. This was now filled with earth, and could easily be leaped over at any point.—The embankment throughout the whole extent is much worn, indented and, occasionally, levelled with the surface of the plain. Upon the top of it, before the battle, eight batteries were erected, with embrasures of cotton bales, piled transversely. Under cover of this friendly embankment, the Americans lay *perdus*, but not idle, during the greater portion of the battle.

A daring Tennessean, with a blanket tied round him, and a hat with a brim of enormous breadth, who seemed to be fighting 'on his own hook,' disdaining to raise his rifle over the back of earth and fire, in safety to his person, like his more wary fellow soldiers, chose to spring, every time he fired, upon the breastwork,where, balancing himself, he would bring his rifle to his cheek, throw back his broad brim, take sight and fire, while the enemy were advancing to the attack, as deliberately as though shooting at a herd of deer; then leaping down on the inner side, he would reload, mount the works, cock his beaver, take aim, and crack again. 'This he did,' said an English officer, who was taken prisoner by him, and who laughingly related it as a good anecdote to Captain D*****, my informant above alluded to—'five times in rapid succession, as I advanced at the head of my company, and though the grape whistled through the air over our heads, for the life of me I could not help smiling at his grotesque demi-savage, demi-quaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor to obtain a fair sight—deliberately raised his rifle—shut his left eye, and blazed away at us. I verily believe he brought down one of my men at every shot.'

As the British resolutely advanced, though columns fell like the tall grain before the sickle at the fire of the Americans, this same officer approached at the head of his brave grenadiers amid the rolling fire of musketry from the lines of his unseen foes, undaunted and untouched. 'Advance, my men!' he shouted as he reached the edge of the *fosse*—'follow me!' and sword in hand he leaped the ditch, turning amidst the roar and flame of a hundred muskets to encourage his men, beheld to his surprise but a single man of his company upon his feet—more than fifty brave fellows, whom he had so gallantly led on to the attack, had been shot down. As he was about to leap back from his dangerous situation, his sword shivered in his grasp by a rifle ball, and at the same instant the daring Tennessean sprang upon the parapet and levelled his deadly weapon at his breast, calmly observing, 'Surrender stranger—or, I may perforate ye!' 'Chagrined,' said the officer, at the close of his recital, 'I was compelled to deliver to the bold fellow my multilated sword, and passed over into the American lines.'

'Here,' said our guide and cicerone, advancing a few paces up the embankment, and placing his foot emphatically upon the ground, '*here* fell Renie.'

This gallant man, with the calf of his leg shot away by a cannon-ball, leaped upon the breast-works with a shout of exultation, and was immediately shot through the heart, by an American private. Packenham, the favorite *eleve* of Wellington, and the 'beau ideal' of a British soldier, after receiving a second wound, while attempting to rally his broken columns, fell directly in front of our position, not far from where Renie received his death-wound. In the disorder and panic of the first retreat of the British, he was left bleeding and forsaken among the dead and dying. Not far from this melancholy spot, Gibbes received his mortal wound; and near the place where this gallant officer fell, one of the staff of the English general was also shot down. The whole field was fruitful with scenes of thrilling interest. I should weary you by individualizing them. There was scarcely a spot on which I could cast my eyes, where a soldier had not poured out his life-blood. 'As I stood upon the breast-works,' said Captain Dunbar, 'after the action, the field of battle before me was so thickly strewn with the dead bodies, that I could have walked fifty yards over them without placing my foot upon the ground.' How revolting the sight of a field thus sown must be to human nature! Man must indeed be humbled at such a spectacle.

We walked slowly over the ground, which annually waves with undulating harvests of the rich cane. Our guide was intelligent and sufficiently communicative without being garrulous. He was familiar with every interesting fact associated with the spot, and by his correct information rendered our visit both more satisfactory and agreeable than it otherwise would have been.

'Here gentilhommes, j'ai finde some bu let for you to buy,' shouted a little French mulatto at the top of his voice, who, among other boys of various hues, had followed us to the field, 'me, j'ai trop—too much;' and on reaching us, this double tongued urchin turned his pockets inside out and discharging upon the ground a load of rusty grape shot, bullets, and fragments of lead —his little stock in trade, some, if not all of which, I surmised, had been manufactured for the occasion.

'Did you find them on the battle-ground, gargon?'

'Iss—oui, Messieurs, me did, de long-temps.'

I was about to charge him with having prepared his pockets before leaving home, when Mr. C. exhibited a grape shot that he had picked from the dark soil in which it was half buried. I bought for a piccaune,* the smallest currency of the country,the 'load of grape,' and we pursued our walk over the field, listening with much interest to the communications of our guide, conjuring up the past scenes of strife and searching for balls; which by and by began to thicken upon us so fast, that we were disposed to attribute a generative principal to grape-shot. We were told by our cicerone that they were found in great numbers by the ploughmen, and disposed of to curious visitors. On inquiring of him if false ones were not imposed upon the unsuspecting, he replied 'No—there is no need of that—there is an abundance of those which are genuine.'

'I'm got half a peck on um to ham,myself, I'll found,' exclaimed a little negro in a voice that sounded like the creaking of a shoe, bolting off at the same time for the treasure, like one of his own cannon-balls. What appalling evidence is this abundance of leaden and iron hail strewed over the field, of the terrible character of that war-storm which swept so fearfully over it. Flattened and round balls, grape of various sizes, and non-descript bits of iron were the principal objects picked up in our stroll over the ground.

Twilight had already commenced, as, advancing over the same ground across which the gallant Packenham led his veteran army,we fearlessly leaped the fosse and, unresisted, ascended the parapet. Hastening to free our impatient horses from their thraldom,we mounted them; and—not forgetting a suitable douceur, by the way of 'a consideration' to our obliging cicerone—spurred for the city. As we arrived at the head of the lane and emerged again upon the high-way, I paused for an instant upon the summit of the Levee to take a last view of the battle-ground which lay in calm repose under the gathering twilight—challenging the strongest exercise of the imagination to believe it ever to have borne other than its present rural character, or echoed to other sounds than the whistle of the careless slave as he cut the luxuriant cane, the gun of the sportsman, or the melancholy song of the plough-boy.

*Properly, *piccaillon*, but pronounced as in the text. Called in New England a "four penee half penny," in New York a "sixpence," and in Philadelphia a "bit."

COMPARISON OF AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCENERY. The following beautiful and just comparison of American and European Scenery is from the Rambler in North America a New work by Mr Latrobe.

If, after having, with one exception, visited every State and Territory in the Union, I might feel myself authorised to form a judgment, I should venture the opinion, that the United States taken as a whole, are far from possessing a fair proportion of what we should term picturesque scenery. Italy, Switzerland, Spain, our own group of Islands, and Germany, have in their character and accessories, those details which render them essentially picturesque; not only because the works of man, by which they are thickly diversified, have made them so, but because the natural disposition of the surface—broken ground, bare rock, wood, water, verdure, mountains and vallies, alternating in quick succession—has stamped that peculiar character upon them. But the abrupt outlines of surface, so usual in the Old World, and the interminable interchange of the various elements of the picturesque, are of rarer occurrence in the New. I use the epithet in its proper sense. It is in vain to look for its common occurrance in the vast alluvial tracts of forest and prairie in the immense valley of the Mississippi, or in the regions of the same geological formation extending from New Jersey, between the Alleghany and the Atlantic, to the Cape of Florida. You would not expect to find it as an ordinary character of the long parallel, rarely broken, and forested ridges, and the intervening vallies, which, under a variety of names, divide the waters of the East from those of the West. It is hardly to be met with in the undulating, richly cultivated central districts of Pennsylvania, New York, or Maryland. Even in the New England States, though more rocky and broken, more cut up by internal lakes, and under longer cultivation than the Southern and Western, I should be sorry to undertake a solitary pedestrian journey, trusting to the charms and variety of the scenery to while away fatigue or ennui. In a continent where the forest still covers so large a portion of both mountain and plain; where the undisturbed ribs of rock are hidden within the mountain sides by the swelling and even outlines of the mould, protected and increased by the forests of ages, there must be monotony.

Again, what nature has to a certain degree denied, man has hitherto done but little to remedy. As to ancient architecture, it is not necessary to remind you that there is none; the styles of building usually adopted in the United States, however commodious and pretty, or adapted to the different climates have rarely any thing picturesque about them. The first operations of the settler in the primeval forest are productive of a deformity which years can scarcely remove.

Still you must not misunderstand me. Though you cannot, in speaking of these vast regions, say that the general character of their scenery is picturesque,—yet go more into detail, and you will find, though they may be far apart, scenes of the most exquisite natural beauty, fully justifying the application of that epithet. The course of the Hudson abounds with them from its source till it meets the ocean. Range all the world over and you will never see a more lovely valley than that of the Mohawk throughout its whole extent; or sweeter scenes than those reflected in the bright waters of Lake George and its neighbours. Such are many of the slopes and vales in the broken country on both sides of the Alleghany;—the frequent Gaps burst through the several chains, through which the redundant streams roll down over the rapids toward the lower country;—many of the scenes on the upper coasts of New England, and none more so than the rarely visited and rarely mentioned Portland. The upper Mississippi, from the falls of St. Anthony, where the mighty river pours down from an elevated region of marsh and lakes, to its junction with the Missouri, abounds in picturesque scenery. Many parts of Michigan lay a claim to be included, and other isolated instances might be cited as my memory retraces the steps of the last two or three years.

But do not suppose that for the rest there is no charm;—that there is nothing in the western world to make up for the deficiency of this pleasing attribute. There is a character to which it may proudly lay claim in the face of the East, and that is, sublimity. I know what you would say—I never forget the Alps and their majesty, but they stand almost alone.

Get to the summit of the Alleghany, and look out upon the dark mantle of primeval forest clothing the swelling ridges which roll toward the deep blue horizon rising and falling like the tempest-stirred ocean;—bury yourself in their recesses among the giant trees;—look forth on her vast estuaries, her ocean-lakes, and bays indenting the shores for hundreds of

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON—NO I.

Nov 24, 1835.

The metropolis of our Country is doffing its sober week-day coat, and standing before the mirror of taste, and fashion is undergoing a thorough reformation in dress and appearance. A likely brisk young chap ycleped 'Two weeks before Congress,' is standing behind the Metropolitan's Chair and arranging the worthy's queue in the most approved mode. In plain, unadorned lingo, the city of Washington is becoming lively as the session of Congress draws to its opening. Milliners, mantuamakers, and that necessary appendage of a gentleman—that individual who is so instrumental in cuifing a man of taste, or in docketing a suit, the tailor, all are scouring out their shops, sharpening needles, (in nine cases out of ten a needless sharpening) and hanging out their gaudy temptations of glowing ribands and glorious coats. Every body is busy and none more so than the boarding-house-keepers. At break of day a low, almost imperceptible hum is heard, which sounds as if a Boa Constrictor was stealing over the passage and rubbing his scaly belly against the ballustrades; soon the 'levi susurro' is changed to a louder and more decided tone—John, and Jane, and James, the whole household are up, and thunderbolts in the shape of scrubbing-brushes roll above your head, and lightning in the form of a waxed and polished door-sill flashes beneath your feet. A boarding-house-keeper is a real radical; rooting out old evils to make place for cleanly inconveniences. The busy note of preparation swells on the ear. A cloud of dust thick as that which overspread the dead-alive Pompeii hovers over our city—a thousand dusty carpets flap their broad bosoms forth upon the air, and scatter dust and pulverised gravy through the atmosphere; butter is cheapened in the market, hens are waxed to lay so many dozens of eggs per week, and the water hunters, in order to provide the public caterers with canvas-back duck, have been cleaning their long guns until the kennels run warm water and powder. Bird of the dark plumage and the quick eye, that floats for a second on a rolling wave, and while the marksman's eye winks, droppeth quietly down beneath the waters, sparkling with wild, eye glittering and sleek feathers glancing in the silver moonlight, the image of a precious heart on life's all treacherous stream—pride of the dark rolling billows, beautiful canvass-back, hadst thou floated in the glory of thy thousand sweets along old Tiber's classic shores, surely the Roman would have worshipped thee as a God; best food for the table—the only seducer of Grahamites—by the way, speaking of that starving youth reminds me that Mr O. S. Fowler is lecturing the good citizens of this hundred on Phrenology; he has gone through with his primary lectures, and I take this opportunity of making it known to the public that though a man of no ornamental, polished education he is nevertheless a close syllogistical reasoner—devoted to his profession and zealous and able in defence of the novel and grand principles of his sublime creed. He is here almost like Paul among the Athenians, startling and convincing the people with the beauty and truth of his doctrine, and creating such an excitement here as we have never before had upon matters purely scientific. He says that we Southern-middlers lack very remarkably the organ of Conscientiousness. Doubtless this makes us so honest for when 'language is full' and 'conscience moderate' (I never heard of its being large any where) the former can persuade the latter to bend for a while to the dictates of self esteem 'large,' which we have abundantly, and which is the elder brother of, and a better fellow than, Conscience.

Some of our great Lions have had their heads examined and I understand that a certain high in office individual has requested Mr Fowler to call upon him and *give* him 'a *character*.' I am no politician, particularly when I write for the bright-souled 'Boston Galaxy' else I might here introduce some very apt and illustrative remarks upon the above emphasis.

We have been enjoying in this delightfully negative region a few of the freaks of the earth's Alma Mater, commonly called Nature. Yesterday, for instance, a most christian spirited sun that glowed upon the cheek of beauty, and dried the collar on the line that was destined to lie close to the bearded chin of manhood; to day a mist and rain, father and mother of blue devils and mud—that damps the spirit of hope and makes the housekeeper scold at the entrance of the home returning school-boy who carries more weighty matters on his heels than weighty matters in his head; and then a night or two ago, looking at Saturn, I saw two streams of light fall from the heavens toward the horizon, steadily down with an unwavering and gigantic stride, a martial moving, like two fire-clad spirits on their march to combat with the fierce uplifted lances of the mighty Borealis. Strange sight and startling scene, filling the soul with dread and the heart with enthusiasm! J.

### SLIPS FROM THE RECTANGULAR CITY.—NO. I.

Philadelphia, November 18, 1835.

Thou chargest me, friend Harrington, with having given thee the *slip*, inasmuch as I have, for a while, deserted the Literary Emporium. Since thou takest my absence so much to heart, I will comfort thee with *slips* of a different species, which will at least serve to assure thee of my existence from week to week, and which, if thou likest, thou mayest serve up in thy notable hebdomadal;—this present being No. 1, or introduction.

This rectangular city is decidedly anti-literary. To be sure the American Quarterly, is published here and Fairfield's Magazine; but the one is too high and the other too low to excite general interest. Waldie's publications are admirable vehicles of popular information, but their country patronage is most extensive. Then there is a huge sheet issued weekly, under the name of the Saturday Courier—a *melange* made up from the whole range of periodicals, foreign and domestic. But as for a respectable, gentlemanly monthly—like the New-England, or a neat belle-lettres gazette, like the Pearl, or a spicy weekly like the Galaxy—the Philadelphians eschew such tasteful press-work—such caskets of literature.

Clever writers, however, they are here. Dr Bird is a host in himself. What a pity the state of the times obliges him to expend his dramatic talent—which is of a high order—upon novels, instead of devoting it to its legitimate sphere! He has recently returned from Kentucky disappointed in the result of his exploration into the Mammoth Cave. Its neither so large nor so magnificent as imaginative travellers have described. The Dr is just recovering from an alarming fit of sickness. By the way, I think Forrest will bring out his plays in England, before he returns. They'll take mightily—no doubt. Did you ever read the 'Pleasures of Friendship,'—*eighth edition?* The author, one McHenry of Erin, dwells in this metropolis. Did you ever see him? I've a great mind to send you one of the lithographs of him—just issued. They say he's the counterpart of Pope.

Perhaps you would know what the Philadelphia mind is devoted to, since literature is not the go. Science, science, friend Harrington—this is the word. Medical lectures without number, physicians innumerable, geologists chemists, meteorologists—abound here. The Franklin Institute, you know, is an illustrious temple of science. The *Dew-point* has been warmly discussed here, and I know one devotee of meteorology, who spends most of the time on the top of his house, watching the clouds. 'Twouldn't do in Boston, with those confounded *east winds*, would it?

The other day, the people were all agog because of a newly-introduced amusement, ycleped a Regatta. 'Twas a pretty sight—the groups on the banks of the Schuylkill—beneath the leafless trees. But a cold, keen wind was blowing, and not a note of music was there to cheer the impatient shiverers. We dont understand managing these things as they do in the ould countrie. You know what the old woman said when it was proposed to publish Parson West's sermons: that if they couldn't print the *tone* with them, 'twas no use. So I say—if we can't keep up the blithe, free, gladsome *tone* of European festivals, the more ceremonial will profit little.

I wish I had some news for you. I suppose you know Conrad had written a piece called Jack Cade for Addams. You'll also have a chance soon, of reading Teresa Contarini—the tragedy so admired by the New-Yorkers, as Key & Biddle are about to publish it with Mrs Ellet's other poems.

Errata. In our Senior's notice of Mrs Hemans's Poems last week, two important errors occurred—*Intonations* for *intimations*, and snowy drapery for *snowy* drapery.


# NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1835.


## FIRE-SIDE SKETCHES.

### NO. I.

Describe him.

Well—he wears a hat.

Ah!—what color?

Black.

Indeed!—where does he live?

Just over there. (Pointing.)

Where?

Opposite the light-house!

### NO. II.

Pray tell me Sarah—isn't it the general opinion abroad, you have an opportunity of knowing—and here he tipped the wink to Sarah—that my wife there—his wife was sitting a little behind him, so that she could not see his face, nor he her's—and I insist on your telling the truth—I want her to be satisfied—another wink, unperceived by the wife—is it, or is it not the general opinion—with imperturbable solemnity—that I am under petticoat-government?

Sarah began to smile—but continued silent.

That is—now do be plain with her—that the gray mare is the better horse?

The smile became a smothered laugh.

Or, at any rate—if you wouldn't like to hurt her feelings,—that she manages her poor dear husband most gloriously?

The smothered laugh could be smothered no longer.—Out it burst, accompanied by an hysterical yes!—and a most affirmative nod, heartier by far than the poor dear man either expected or wished.

I felt rather puzzled for a moment—but on seeing a look of intelligence pass between the wife and Sarah, I understood it all. The husband and wife had both been *winking* to the witness, and both at the same time! What a scene for the stage! How like that case which happened to Sully the elder, who was employed at the same time in painting the portraits of the husband and wife, each *unbeknown* to the other, and each for a birth-day present to the other!

### NO. III.

A narrow escape. Oh, my dear! I never told you of an adventure that happened to me when I was in England. Speaking of balloons reminds me of it. I had languished for a long while to go up in one—but no good opportunity, and not a little fear prevented me. At last a chance presented itself—a remarkably fine balloon was to go up in the afternoon of the very day the paper was published where I first saw the annunciation—*passage twenty guineas*. Never was a finer day! Every thing was ready; but it was concluded to send it up and feel the wind a little before they let go in earnest—and lucky for me it was that I didn't go up in her!

Why so, pray?

Why so!—why bless your heart, the balloon took fire, and that was the last they saw of it! What a narrow escape, hey?

A narrow escape indeed—where were you at the time?

Oh, I was at Edinboro'.

At Edinboro'!—and where I pray you, was the balloon, at the time of your narrow escape?

The balloon!—oh the balloon was at London.

A narrow escape indeed!—but why didn't you go up in it?

Why didn't I?—How could I?—wasn't I five hundred miles off—confined to my room—with hardly a shilling in the world, or credit enough to borrow one.—But then you know I might have gone up in it as well as another, if I had got the paper in season.

So—you didn't get the paper in season.

Bless your heart, no indeed! Why the thing was all over, and the accident a week old, before I heard of it—but then you know I might have gone up in her for all that—and I have often felt I never could be sufficiently thankful for such a narrow escape!

Excellent creature! N.

## *ESSAYS FROM THE LEATHERN CHAIR.*

### NO II.

### THE BACHELOR CLUB.

The memory of my childhood! It cometh over me now, amid the turmoil and worriment of manhood, like the touch of an angel upon me. It is blessed—blessed in its soothing influences. It imparteth a glow to my cheek, and a lustre to my eye; I forget in its sweet embrace, the coldness, the selfishness, the bickerings and the heart-breakings of my later days, and when my head acheth, and my soul is sick of all I see, and of all I am a part, I lay my hot brow upon my hands, and shutting out the spectre of the present, turn back like a weary pilgrim to the happy hours of my infancy. And almost the tear will come into my eye, and my lip will quiver when their innocent scenes come up before me. Blessed, blessed, indeed, is the memory of my childhood!

In sooth, I love to look upon the infantine sports of children, with a melancholy pleasure brooding upon my spirit. Melancholy, that I am past all unalloyed enjoyment, and that fleeting years will soon sprinkle the sternness of thought upon their brows, and age will strip off from their shoulders, their merry cloak of harmless gaiety. Pleasure, that they are so happy, and that in after days they can turn back to their youth with calm and placid joy. And sometimes I catch from their laughing eyes the contagion of their swelling mirth, and for a time I whoop, and hillo, and jump and hurrah, like the veriest stripling among them; but alas! I feel the spell of time upon me. It binds me like a chain about my senses, and sorrowing, I turn away, grieving that I am a man.

Verily, I can conceive that to the guilty soul, pure and bright and soothing must be the memory of its childhood! I can see the wretch sitting upon his pile of straw in his gloomy cell. He is a murderer—and the blood of his victim crieth to him from the ground. He shuddereth as the scene comes over him—and there is a dull agonizing music in the clank of his iron chain. The sweat standeth upon his brow. He claspeth his hands and raiseth his cold unwatered eye to heaven. There is no mercy there for the murderer! He bendeth forward. He resteth his face upon his hand, and in soft hallowed visions come up before him the peaceful hours of his childhood. They pass in review before his mind like the dim yet distinct memory of a dream. One by one as they vanish, they breathe upon his icy heart, and it melteth! The gloom upon his brow vanisheth! Again his hands are clasped—again his eye looks heavenward—now streaming with the gushing fountain of his tears. Hark! he prayeth. He prayeth in a quivering voice that he may become like a little child! Blessed—thrice blessed to him must be the memory of his early days.

Prythee, reader, what have I been doing? I promised thee, not a prosy homily upon visions and dreams, but somewhat of a 'Bachelor Club.' What mattereth it to thee of my childhood? What carest thou that I love to turn over the leaves of the book of life, and read, at sundry intervals in the preface? Nothing. Yet it will not hurt thee that thou hast looked over my shoulder, for mayhap it has jogged thy memory and made thee turn thy face to thine own early days, and thy reflections upon what thou wast and what thou art will not harm thee, I warrant. If thou nourishest anger against me, it is because thou art hard-hearted, or, forsooth, because thou wert a marvellous unruly scion of thy father's stock in thy infancy—so will the jogging do thee twofold good—therefore will I not beg thy pardon—and if thou reflectest upon the causes of thy discontent, thou wilt, if thou art cunning, swallow it, and forgive me—and so let us go along.

That Bachelor Club! How did my youthful fancy elevate the jolly hearted yet queer fellows who composed it into heroes and demigods. I looked upon them, in my crude conceptions, as beyond the sphere of mortal fortune; without the pale of ordinary society. An association of bachelors! Some of them them too, with their faces enclosed in those awful specimens of manhood, yclept whiskers. My little soul was filled with a feeling of reverence for them.

To the description of this merry set do I approach with anxiety—for, truly are all alive—yet no longer component parts of the Bachelor Club. That is a thing that has been and is not—and forsooth, as it is worthy of being chronicled, so will I presume, without the leave of its members, to hand them down to posterity—to give them an immortality, if, indeed, complacent readers can be found to peruse my dusty lucubrations.

There were five of them—and I will attack them in file; beginning with him who commandeth first attention, standing as he doth, over six feet in his stockings. He was verily an incarnation of oddity. He bore no resemblance to his fellow mortals either in word or deed. By form and feature only couldst thou tell that he claimed kindred with mankind. He walked in the street with most unyielding gravity—with his hands clasped behind him, his head inclined forward, his eyes upon and an easy, laborious step, betokening that he lived on the best possible terms with his social system. Truly, do I find an irresistible propensity to indulge in unfettered cachination, when I recall his strange comicalities. Time permitteth me not to relate save one, and that well suited to the period, for it pertaineth to that most jolly Yankee festival, Thanksgiving day—now fast approaching. Verily, do I in imagination, snuff up the reviving odors of the pumpkin pie!

Upon the morning of that day many years agone—it was in the days of my childhood—did he purchase sundry hard crackers, an indefinite quantum of cheese, and a full dozen of the real Havana—and with these did he retire to his office—he was a disciple of Coke and Blackstone—and lock his door; and there in dim solitude did he pass the revolving hours—between his whiffs, paying his devotions to his cracker and munching a mouthful of cheese—and not until evening scattered its shades over the earth, did he emerge from his hiding place, and join the merry world. Think of this, thou who luxuriatest in the good things spread before thee! Reflect upon it and learn from it a lesson of forbearance. Such was the first of the Bachelor Club.

The second was tall and of a portly figure, with black hair and a black eye and a pleasant smile—distinguished moreover, by bearing constantly upon his pericranium, a broad-brimmed, white hat—truly the man would not have been the man without the hat, and the hat have been shorn of its fair proportions without the man. It grew in my youthful sense to be as it were, a part of his flesh and blood—and now I think not of the man, save he is crowned by the beaver.

The third was shorter—therefore is he the third—he shadowed his cheeks with whiskers. His eye was blue and twinkling, and his countenance pleasant, telling you of a kind heart and a merry spirit. He was marked by a love of fun; with a careless gravity and a most provoking unconcern would he prosecute his plan against you; and when all was ripe, and you were the victim of his cunning plot, would he break forth into a laugh coming from the bottom of his heart and his lungs, jolly enough to atone for the discomfiture you were suffering. Such was the third.

The fourth. He was distinguished by a paler face, and light hair, and moved with a quick step. A frock coat of a greenish color, he uniformly patronised, until, like the hat of his associate, it became a characteristic. Queer was he as the day is long. Most queer in speech—for seldom couldst thou get a straight answer from him; he had a vocabulary of phrases—odd—comical—unique—and he thrust them upon you in so strange a way, that your risibles were taken by storm. Didst thou ask him aught, verily might his answer be—'So's a hen'—'Pass it along'—'Shocking, Dr Crocker'—or the like—and for the soul of you, you could not but laugh! In other men it had partaken of foolishness. In him it was the essence of merriment.

He has pined away of late—and yearly doth he seek a milder clime to recruit his failing constitution. A bet is on his head, made between two of his friends—a standing bet, of a dinner—that he will die on his last voyage; and when he returneth, then is the bet shifted that it may be equal for both. He partaketh with them when he cometh—and will be that meal at which he cannot sit! Long may it be ere his departure shall cause that meal!

The fifth and last is a still calm man—that cannot see far into the world, forsooth, because he is near sighted; wherefore doth he wear upon his nose, that crooked machine, yeclept spectacles. A still body—yet enjoying a frolic—perhaps the more in his inner man, that but little of his delight escapeth.

Such were the members of the Bachelor Club. Such were the units of that association existent in the village of R—— in years agone—the wonder of old ladies, and the aversion of maids of a certain age. Ever were they together—forsooth as if companionship could avert the attacks of the conquering god, and silence the batteries of bright eyes and comely countenances. Especial friends were they to the dark pungent weed yclept tobacco, and in solemn silence would they sit and puff, a remark occasionally assailing the ear through the thickening cloud of smoke.

They had a pew in the village church—a square pew near the door; and when the bell had ceased its tolling on Sunday morn, would they enter and take their seats. Many were the glances cast at them by the unmarried specimens of the gentler sex, and often soundly would they sleep, as if, in literal phrase they interpreted the command to make the Sabbath a day of rest. Here, let me ask, begging the pardon of the reader for the digression—to whom must blame be attached, when one sleepeth in church?—Assuredly upon the minister—for is he not culpable that he hath not life enough in his sermon to keep his hearers awake? Most assuredly.

A homily might I here make on ministers—Discretion is uppermost, and reader, thou art spared.

One morn did the opponents of matrimony of whom I am writing, seat themselves in their pew. In despair did they one by one cast a sorry glance at the pulpit and observe there a preacher whose nasal intonation and most unchristian emphasis wage direful war with the nervous system.—Heroically bore they the dread infliction until a third of the sermon had been wasted upon a sleepy congregation—then did the tallest of the five avow that he could endure no longer, and seizing his hat he silently departed. Forthwith did he of the white beaver follow, and then another and another, until but one—he of the queer answers was left. Awful was his horror when he observed that his portly friend, in his hurry, had absconded with his little hat and left his vast broad brim behind. It would sink over his ears like the covering of a Brobdignag—it would absorb him in its ample proportions! In agony did he remain through service, and ere the blessing had left the lips of the minister, he darted forth—with both hands did he hold up the monstrous hat, and rush across the green, the victim of a sad mistake—nor was his shame diminished that his fellows appeared at a dwelling near, levelling at him the weapon of laughter.

Where is that club? Gone! It is a thing of yesterday—of which the memory alone remaineth. Four of its five members are, though sense can scarce credit it, husbands; and three trot a fac similie upon their knees. They have exchanged the jolly meeting for a private *tete-a-tete*—they have parted with the merry jest for a certain lecture. They are metamorphosed from their ancient selves! Their glory hath departed! H.

Died at Portland, this morning, George W. Pierce, aged 30; Reporter of Decisions in the Supreme Judicial Court.

The death of this young man is a heavy blow, not only to his immediate connexions and personal friends, but to society at large. On looking about us, we see nobody coming forward to supply the places, left vacant by this unexpected translation. Well-educated—a graduate of Bowdoin College, devoted to the profession of the law, with talents of a high order, with great address, great ambition, a strong, patient and faithful spirit of enquiry, with great personal advantages, and a host of tried friends—we never knew a young man with more—he was on the highway to inevitable distinction, happy and assured, carrying himself bravely forward, with a swelling heart and a triumphant step, when a whisper was heard from the sky—and he faltered—paused—and stopped forever—yea forever! with his lips parted as it were, and his foot lifted for another yet, and yet, a prouder step!

But a few days ago, he was in perfect health. No man had a fairer prospect of long life. Our Heavenly Father had been very bountiful to him. All desirable things were his already, or lying within his reach—youth, character, talents, health, strength, and reputation—he had but to put forth his hand to make sure of it—all but length of days—everything that the gifted, the affectionate and the ambitious crave. And to-day—the spirit of the man has departed. The body is prepared for the grave—the forehead sealed with the signet of the King of Terrors—the earth opened—the places he occupied vacant—his young wife a widow—his bereaved family, his friends, his common acquaintance, yea the very multitude mourning and wondering at his fate. N.

## FAG ENDS.

Consolation. When a boy, if I got a flogging that I did not deserve, it was a great comfort to me, *at the time*, to think how many I'd escaped that I *did* deserve. Never mind! said I to myself, never mind! I'm half a dozen ahead of you yet.

Utility. What mountains and cataracts are to rivers and rivers to canals, so are works of power and magnificence to works of mere usefulness. Their vaster, grander and more enduring influences are unperceived. Hence their utility is questioned; while that of rivers nobody thinks of denying. Time was when the waters of the sea were obstacles, not helps to intercourse. But the other day it was so with ice and snow.

Prosers. They are mere type-setters in conversation. They never see a syllable a-head. They think a letter at a time.

Capital Punishment. By the right of *self-defence*, we cannot take away the life of another *after* he has tried to kill us. At the time we may, and that right we may delegate. Whence therefore the right of the hangman, who takes life, not in defence, but after the act committed?—Is it precaution?—then why may not any man shoot another who has killed a man, lest he himself may suffer next?

Subject for a Poem or a Story. Imagine *Invisibility* at work—invisible painters, sculptors, builders, &c.—chips flying, statues changing their shape, beauty coming forth at the touch of invisible fingers, temples uplifting themselves to the sky, harps playing, &c. &c. In the Arabian Nights you have men at work upon nothing—here nothing would be at work upon something. What a magnificent poem might be made of it—ay, or a painting! Do you doubt the possibility? Take a lively and busy picture and paint out all the living creatures you can find in it—and then judge for yourself what *might be done*. Did you ever stop your ears and look at people dancing?—There you have an idea of what the effect would be!—Once, in our boyish days we wrote a poem, entitled, if we recollect rightly, the 'Conquest of Peru'—stay! we only began it, threatening never to finish it, merely to be revenged on the 'poor dear public'—well, in that poem we spoke of men who '*saw the Invisible at work*.' This, 'Robert Walsh, Junior, Esquire, the American Gentleman,' as he published himself in his thundering big dictionary, took for a downright bull! Had he ever seen the *wind at work?*—or a storm at work?—were not these Invisibles?—and when he saw them *at work*—did he see *them?*—Does he not see Jehovah *at work* every day?—But does he see Jehovah himself? In other words, with the same meaning—Let him look abroad now, and see the 'Invisible at work'—if he dares. Oh, Bobby Walsh, Junior—Bobby Walsh, Junior, oh!—what a hand was spoilt for a barber, when thou tookest upon thyself to *understand* poetry.

Dislocation. If a word in a sentence be strangely placed, the reader either hurries on without regarding it, or he stops to satisfy himself and restore the author.—In the former case a word is lost—in the latter a subject. So with pronunciation. Set people thinking of your words or manner, and they lose the thread of your argument.—Which do you value most?—Anybody may know if you appear in public.

Sea-Sickness. What courage must he have had who was first troubled with sea-sickness, and yet staid away from shore! So with the man who first went up a high mountain. How could either *know* where such feelings were to end?—or how?

Greatness. What would it have added to the reputation of George Washington, to have been a first rate fiddler, novelist, or song-writer?—Suppose Napoleon were the author of Paradise Lost, how should we look upon Paradise Lost now?—how upon Napoleon himself? Should we think more or less highly of either, or both?—*Less*, we say, ten thousand times less of both.

John Randolph, *of Roanoke*. Years before his death, John Randolph was yellow with ambition and envy. Opposition was his element. Agree with him, and he hated you, or vanished. He was brilliant, sarcastic, unprincipled—without being a dishonest man. He always appeared as if turning round in a hurry—hoping to catch somebody with his foot raised, or making mouths at him. His mind has been prodigiously over-rated. It would grasp, reach, comprehensiveness. He was a living epigram—he dealt in truisms, which he and his friends too believed to be aphorisms. Yet he was a wonderful man—wonderful for sagacity—the instinct of a superior, though perverted nature; wonderful for dexterity, and sharpness, and fierceness—but loathsome for his temper, his malignity and his wretched affectation. To say all in a word—he was the living concentrated essence of contradiction.—It is the characteristic of a truly-great mind to have *imitators* at every step—to infuse a portion of itself into everything it touches—every object that goes by receives and reflects it as faithfully as a mirror—some carry off the imagery at a touch as it were, distinctly imbedded in their clay—others incorporated, yea melted into themselves—others in fragments and patches. To some it is intaglio—to others pigment—and to others downright sculpture, yea transfusion. But who ever *imitated* John Randolph, of Roanoke? Who ever carried away—with his own consent—one of his opinions, or tones, or looks?—Who ever tried to be like him?—Little men, with no rockiness of character, who loiter their lives away in sunshine—or sit under the green trees with a segar in their mouths, may call John Randolph, of Roanoke, a great man—and to such men, he was a great man—he ought to be 'a giant among dwarfs, the one-eyed monarch of the blind.'

Language. How differently the same things are understood—and how differently used. The French *overall* is our *surtout*—while our *over-alls* are but French pantaloons for riding.

Effect of repetition. Repeat the word *haste!* a number of times and it sounds like *stay!* Repeat stay! stay! stay!—and a bystander will think you are saying haste, haste, haste!

Order. The subject of order has been a subject of long observation with us. We know many a man who would go hungry rather than eat from a table where the dishes were set awry. As for ourself, we couldn't be happy in a badly built or irregular shaped room, nor sit by, or even sleep near a piece of furniture that did not stand square, or hold relationship with something or other. But we have known a fellow who left his native country, for no better reason, we are half inclined to believe, than because of the strange figure it made on the map; and this we infer from the fact, he complained of it with a serious look and just before his death, that his principal objection to our Earth, which he left in a hurry at the age of twenty-two, by cutting his own throat, was that it was not a perfect sphere.

Book-Keeping. The silliest of all possible sciences—not excepting palmistry and judicial astrology. Just hear a lawyer cross-questioning a first-rate book-keeper touching a few of the clearest things he is acquainted with—and then, watching your opportunity, take a peep at the spectators—the jury—the bar—and the *benches*. Why is book-keeping by *double entry* called the Italian method?—We leave the reader to guess: a traveller might help him though.

We once knew a proficient in *double entry*, C. R. who had a way of making up a balance-sheet worthy of our special admiration. He first entered all his debts and credits—then added them together—then deducting the credits he charged J. P. with the difference *to balance the journal!* So that if J. P. owed $5000, and paid $5000—the two entries on the journal being added together, and the credit of J. P. being deducted from the whole amount, J. P. owed $5000!

A still more extraordinary case we might mention—if we were not withheld by notions of delicacy. It was this. A shrewd, honest—ay *honest* and respectable bookseller at Baltimore—now in his grave—used to buy books at New-York, and after paying the charges to Baltimore, he would mark them for sale at 33 1-3 per cent on the *nett cost*.—But whenever he had a chance worth having, which occurred every day, he would oblige a customer by selling at 25 per cent *below the mark*—being satisfied with 8 1-3 per cent for charges and commissions! and yet he used to wonder, how, doing so much business as he did, and with such safe customers, he grew poorer and poorer every year, and at last came out at the little end of the horn—surely, said he, 8 1-3 per cent reserved ought to leave a decent per centage, after paying all the charges from New-York to Baltimore. N.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Norman Leslie and the Press. We criticised this work, which is making so much noise, a week or two since after a careful perusal of the first volume. We have read read the second and have waited ere we said more of it from a desire to see what other journals would say of it. But with one exception (the Portland Magazine) they have *expressed no opinion* at all. In one after another 'twas puff! puff!—without one critical remark. All venial! venial! On every one is written—*We got our copy from the publishers.*

So did we—but we have too high an opinion of the Harpers' to suppose that they will like us any the better, after we have thrown away our self respect. What is more we don't believe that this disgusting puffing in general terms does any good. It never had any effect on us. There are two or three journals in this city noted for their venial puffs, and before we joined the corps editorial we would as soon have believed Baron Munchausen as their word about a book.

Now for Mr Fay—we know he will thank us for noticing his faults—and (as our evil stars may lead us ere long to publish a book) if he will give us a *friendly* dressing we shall thank him.

First—the second volume of Norman Leslie is very different from the first, and far inferior in merit. There is too much of old-fashioned out of date mystery—always interesting if properly managed, but often, indeed, generally, revolting to common sense. A novel should always portray scenes like those of nature—such as might happen—but no possible concatenation of circumstances could ever work such wonders as has Mr Fay in his second volume. There are secret doors, mysterious monks, gaunt uncles, wills wonderfully changed and parties meeting [*palpably*] just as the author wanted them, in order to effect his purpose. There can be no worse fault in a novel, than the *evidence* that scenes are made *on purpose*.

Next—Mr *Fay* appears in his second volume; there are some parts rather pedantic. For instance, the detail of Norman's studies which we wager not one quarter will read, and the similes of landscapes and feelings (*bad taste*) to Rembrandt, Coreggio, Claude, &c.

Thirdly—a fault we noticed before, the use of general adjectives and adverbs that convey no positive idea—beside some actual grammatical mistakes—Mr Fay says he passed by *unpausingly*.

But lastly, the great fault is a want of detail. It is so unlike nature that excitement should follow excitement without any intermission, that the reader wearies. There is always a calm before and after a storm. It is far easier to describe vivid scenes than the still, dispassionate routine of private life. Half the beauty of Walter Scott is in the excellent manner in which he has exemplified character by quiet conversations and quiet acts—with many it might be tedious, but it is better to be with it than without it at any rate.

An edition of 2300 copies of Norman Leslie has already been sold and another is about to be put to press—and as most of our readers will probably read it, we have felt authorized in recurring to it again. H.

La Revue Française. We observe among the list of agents for this work, none for Portland—for Portland! where three years ago there were were more people to talk French—passable French, than in any city or town of six times its size in America—barring New-Orleans and the Canadas. Really we know not how such things are to *explain themselves*, to borrow a French idea, exceedingly well-suited to our purpose here, since, if such things did not explain themselves, we know not who could explain them. They do say the work is well encouraged—even generously encouraged. Be it so—we hope it is so—it may lead to a Spanish magazine, or perhaps an Italian, or German, Goody gracious! if it would, what a delightful thing it would be. But we are afraid our French readers, everybody reads French you know, though almost everybody to himself, and the French not of *this age*, but of the last, remaining most ridiculously ignorant of the changes that have taken place, not only in the style and pronunciation, but in the very language of France within the last dozen years.—We are afraid our French readers are not fully awake to the importance of a *French Magazine*. If they were *La Revue Francaise* would be present on all their breakfast and supper tables, at least once a month.

P. S. If some spirited bookseller wants to make a fortune, we'll put him in the way—for a small per centage.—Let him get up uniform a series of *little pocket dictionaries, in the smallest possible type*, and in the best possible style—French, Spanish, Italian, German, &c. &c.—But, let him give his brethren of the trade fair play, and apprize them of his intention by public notice, or there will be a world of unprofitable, discouraging interference. In the hands of one publisher—or one set of publishers if you please—a *fortune would be sure*, and what is quite as much to the purpose, it would be deserved. At present, our large dictionaries are too large—our small ones two wretched and school-bookish for continual and familiar reference, while reading a foreign language, which, no matter how well acquainted we may be with it, if we are not in the habit of reading and speaking it continually, must put us out confoundedly at times, with the introduction of some new word, or some new shadow of meaning—*quelque nuance*, never before met with. N.

Fifth Annual Report *of the Prison Discipline Society*. A brief abstract of the contents, would of itself be sufficient to justify our pronouncing this *one of the most valuable publications of the age*. It ought to be he in the hands of every honest, intelligent, hearty well-wisher of the human race. Let him but run his eye over an account of the provisions for *insane poor;* of the progress of opinion with respect to *imprisonment for debt*—and the wonders worked already in Tennessee. New-Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan, toward the emancipation of *white slaves*, born to worse than Egyptian bondage, because born with a liability to error, and accessible to misfortune. Let him look to the condition of our penitentiaries and States-prisons—our county prisons—our Houses of Refuge and Reformation, to the invaluable statistics at the end—but above all, and before all, *to the experience of our day on the subject of capital punishment*, to the testimony of England and Wales, compared with several of the United States.—Let him do this and be prepared for saying yea or nay to the question that will as certainly be propounded to him with a solemnity that he little dreams of now—if he lives ten years longer, as there is a God in Heaven—and that question is this—whether native born white Americans shall be *at birth, free or slaves*, held to perpetual bondage—imprisonment—or *death*—at the pleasure of a creditor, and *under the sanction of law!* N.

Mrs Hale's Juvenile Miscellany. We are glad to see any thing of Mrs Hale's upon our table, and not the less for being left free to find fault with it, whenever we can, for our mutual advantage. Her *Juvenile Miscellany*, is a well-contrived and well-managed little work, and ought to be in every child's—yea in every parent's library throughout our land. Still, it is not what it should be—nor what she could easily make it. For example—

'Oh father!—*exclaimed* Walter Strong as he came *rushing* into the door!' Why this language before children?—nay, why this language at all? Does it not impair the judgment, injure the taste, and substitute for the simplicity of speech, words that are never used but in brilliant language. Who would think of *saying* the boy *exclaimed*, as he came *rushing* into the door? Then why write so—and for children?

So here—'He sent the three apples which he had stowed away very nicely in the corner, *skipping* across the carpet like so many mice.' No—we'll be hanged if he did. Ask any child on earth, if apples ever did or can *skip* like mice—mice indeed! why not say young lambs!

And here—'So Walter, this is your railroad picture that you were so *anxious to obtain*.' Poh—children don't talk this language, nor do they altogether understand it, when talked by others. It is too fine by half. We should say—with our usual modesty—Here is the railroad picture *you wanted so much*, hey?

And here is positively bad English—nay worse—*pure Yankee and no reproof*—'But father I *want you should tell* me all about it.' Still, as we have said before—the work is worthy of a place in every child's library—yea in every part of our country, or of any country where good English is valued. N.

American Almanac: Bowen. Agreeable, useful, important for every one. A book that should be on every man's table, who has sense enough to appreciate his good—be he scholar, merchant, or farmer. It contains more knowledge *of the right kind*, than any one volume we know of; knowledge, not to be tucked away among the rubbish of the mind, but kept dusted and brushed for ready use—a little of every thing, with enough in that line and of nothing too much.

Rambles in North America; by Latrobe; New York: J. & J. Harper; Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co. A wonderful book—wonderful for its truth. Mr. Latrobe has, evidently, a thorough knowledge of the character of his own country and is willing to give us credit for our... He has too, studied our history, and presents our ... associations in all their strength. Not only is the work valuable as the observations of a gentlemanly tourist, but it is delightful for its beauty of composition and profound reasoning.

We have made an extract from it upon our first page, and the same fidelity, honesty, and fervor, with which he has drawn the comparison between European and American scenery, characterize the remainder of the volume.

We should like to take Mr. Latrobe by the hand, give it a hearty shake, and seat him at our table on Thursday next, as one worthy to partake of a Yankee's turkey, plumpudding, and pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving day.

The Backslider; James Munroe & Co. The ... volume of a series illustrating Christian Truth; and one of those excellent publications, so seldom seen, in which moral instruction is conveyed in a pleasing manner. This No. fully sustains the reputation of the series. Parents should take the opportunity to place such works in the hands of their children.

Barbary States: by Rev Michael Russell. Family Library, No. 73. New-York: Harper & Brothers; Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co. We have only had time to glance at a few pages of this work. The history of ... of the world more interests men than that of the Barbary States. The volume before us being a part of the excellent Family Library, is undoubtedly worthy of its place.

Mrs Sherwood's Works. Harpers' uniform Edition, Vol. 12: contents, the Lady of the Manor. We need give no puff to this work of Mrs Sherwood—the name is its best recommendation.

The Southwest, by a Yankee, received. An extract from it will be found on our first page.

## SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

Mistakes of the press.—In the leading column of the Salem Landmark of Wednesday last, the printers have made the editor refer his readers to an eloquent appeal to the Governor of Mississippi by *the gamblers recently murdered at Vicksburg*.—The paragraph should undoubtedly read, by a *father* of one of the gamblers; as one of them *has* addressed a letter to the Governor, in which, after picturing a father's anguish, a severe rebuke is dealt out for the 'respectable mob' that perpetrated the atrocity—and for the republican government that has so long, by silence, shown its approval of the act. We think, however, the old gentleman, who is said to be a clergyman, comes late into market with his complaints. He will probably be unheeded.

We would gladly oblige our thousand and one applicants for an exchange if we could afford it.—Several of them have our thanks for the wholesale manner in which they have plied their bellows in puffing our concern—we will do as much for them any time when we feel like it.

Temper. We may *love* that sunny landscape of the mind, over which a cloud never hangs and a tear never passes—and there is something *grand* too, in occasional burst of passion, which like the volcanic flame, lends to the character an awful and glaring splendour—and still more grand is that tremendous struggle for mastery which the proud and resolute spirit maintains with his impetuous passions.

Eyes.—Hazy eyes are the *ground glass* windows of the mind.

Three reasons for not lending.

'Hallo, Bill, lend us your penknife !' 'I can't—I hav'nt got any ! *Besides* I want to use it myself.'

Advantage of long arms ! or the way to ...—We were lately witness to rather a novel contest between a sturdy son of Erin and a long-armed Yankee who measured perhaps six feet from 'stem to stern.' The two came suddenly together in turning the corner of Water and Congress streets, and marvellously did their pates resound.—The Irishman supposing himself premeditatedly 'insoolted,' fell to and cuffed his antagonist most earnestly. Our friend, a man of infinite wit and humor, with patience, politeness and equanimity enough for a saint, begged pardon and dodged about, but his foe pursued—and the 'six foot three' not relishing the joke when *not* a joke, suddenly stretched out his long arm and clapped tne 'Paddy's' hat well over his chin.—The poor fellow exerted himself in vain to extricate his nose, all the while cursing and swearing from his 'dark prison-house' and beating his fists furiously in the air.—Presently a co-laborer relieved him, and Patrick, foaming with rage as his rubicund visage oozed out from its hiding-place glared about after his assailant, but the bird had flown.

The New York Mirror—triumphantly quotes in support of the use of the *k* in the end of such words as *public*, on which we commented a week or two ago, the names of Johnson, Addison, Bacon, Milton and Shakespeare ! The Editor of that journal pays us a poor compliment in supposing we did *not know* he should ... the honor of using it with these worthies. The question is not of *authority* but of *propriety* and policy. We can gain the victory over the Mirror on its own ground. Spencer and Chaucer !—and other writers of an older school than those quoted by the Mirror, always doubled the consonant at the end of such words as steppe, &c. &c. with sundry other variations from the present style. And yet the goodly company cited by the Mirror dared to deviate from them! Unparalleled audacity !

We are no advocates of frequent changes in language—on the contrary, we acknowledge the advantage, in most cases, of strict uniformity. Where, however, *public opinion* authorises a change evidently *for the better*, by doing away with *unnecessary* letters, it is the *duty* of writers to adopt it. The language has constantly been improving in this respect since its first formation—and must continue to do so.

By the same rule that we drop the *k* we are disposed to omit the *u* in *candour, fervour*, &c. although the Mirror would still retain it. With all its efforts, it cannot stop public opinion in this respect any more than it can convince *the Junior Editor* of the Galaxy that he is in fault in his remark.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Rodolphus the Smuggler,' a Tale, and 'The Widow,' a Poem, next week. To the enquiry of 'Cyrus,' we answer, No. The lines to 'Old Johnson,' are two killing ... beg to be excused for not publishing them. 'R. R.'s' ... ter of fact is a lie.

A Vote of Thanks with some remarks on Editorial courtesy as exhibited by the press in this city—prepared for this day's paper and crowded out, will be given next week; also 'Essays from our Leathern Chair, No. 3, Thanksgiving.'

Our Petersham Correspondent will see that we have complied with a part of his request—*putting the cart before the horse*—but whether the team will draw so remains to be seen,—In the mean time we should be glad to hear from him again.

## ELOCUTION.

Some folks have a wonderful faculty of getting along in the world, as witness an instance we now relate.—It was about two months since of a rainy day that a six-foot yankee whom we once met during a journey in the interior of New Hampshire, and who had done us some small favour, dropped in at our office 'to see us.' After sitting on a half-ream of fine letter paper till he had completely saturated it with moisture from his wet garments, as completely exhausting our patience, he said he had come down to seek his fortune, and wished our advice as to the business he had best undertake. We asked him what business he considered himself particularly qualified for. 'Oh any thing,' said he, 'I aint much puzzled to turn my hand to any thing I ever seed done yet.'

'But' said we, 'have you thought of nothing in particular?'

'Oh yes,' was his answer, 'I did have some idea of starting a newspaper, and some notion that I could make a school for grammar and elocution go pretty slick.' 'Ah that is it' said we, chuckling at his idea of a newspaper as the road to fortune, and really wishing the fellow well, though withal inclined to joke him, we told him he had exactly hit it—that if he could get a good room for a school, his fortune would be sure. He thanked us for our advice, and faith, he followed it too; for the next day he brought in an advertisement half a column long, of his school, to '*open in two weeks*,' with the names of half the dignitaries of the city as references of his capability.

Last week he called on us again and invited us to a private exhibition of his pupils—*his pupils* in deed!—we could hardly help laughing in his face—and yet the fellow had a school, for he took us to——Building and there were some twenty good looking boys who very respectfully rose in their seats when we entered.—Having furnished us with a seat he called on one of his scholars, not the most forward he said, who at a signal from *the master*, began to spout at full gallop—'Remember March the *ideas* of March remember,' and was dashing on unchecked, when we took our leave.—It was enough—we had promised to notice the school for Elocution' and here it is.

### ENGLISH ACTORS IN 1824.

Memoranda half rubbed out, just found on the cover of an old book.

DOWTON—*Sir Peter Teazle.* Capital!—glorious!—impossible to speak too highly of it.

HAMBLIN—(now of New York)—made his first appearance on the London stage, at the Haymarket in *Hamlet.* An *Irish Hamlet!*—just think of that! Very tall, fine face, too *frowning*—too sustained—no lightness—solemn, stately and fine—with no heart. Mrs Hamblin's *Lady Teazle—tol lol*—laughing of Dowton in the library scene a sort of whisper—a breathing laugh—diligently smothered—prodigious! Oct. 30, 1824.

MISS KELLY—*Prieux*—French woman, but so-so. Lydia Languish not remarkable. Voice, person, face—all bad—and yet how excellent and how natural in the *Shepherd's boy.* The *Rivals*—Disappointed in Dowton's Sir Anthony Absolute, save in a few passages where dad begins to smell a rat—and watches Jacky. Dowton's Peachum capital!—wonderful!

YOUNG—*Pierre*—capital. Best actor here—Nov. 6,

KEMBLE—*Jaffier*—excellent in parts—his oath and parting with Belvi... part—when bell tolls as good ... ...—astonishing in the mad ... could wish, as good as can be.

MATTHEWS. Great good feeling toward Am... Clap-traps, not a few. Should have thought, had I not known to the contrary, that he had never crossed the sea; never been an eye-witness of what he describes, everything has such a sort of second-hand air—full of error and caricature. His Bashful Man about as bad a piece of acting as I ever happened to see a decent actor be guilty of; play not half so good as the story in the Spectator, the table being *cleared* before he pulls off the cloth by his awkwardness—drunken scene admirable! He can't play to others—he *must* be Hamlet or nothing—a bull in a china shop But oh, how inimitable he is—how wonderful—in that which is indeed his own. He casts off his personal identity as no other man ever did—or can—Reeve excepted, who is but beginning to tread the same path: I haven't seen him yet.

MACREADY. A man of few words, you cannot help saying, no matter in what character he appears: phlegmatic, sober, melancholy to all intents and purposes. No mercurial brightness—no champagne joyousness about the man. Cannot play it—(what?)—absurd to try. Domestic air of his Virginius *perfect.* Why not do what he can do, and stop there? Unrivalled in some things. N. B.—This appears to have been a part of Thilwall's teaching.

LISTON. Apollo Belvidera. First appearance. A stout man, with a face utterly and so unaccountaby different from what I expected, I cannot forgive him—*or it.* Neither deformed, nor distorted—no over-acting with him as with Stanley. It is the man himself—not upon, but off the stage. Liston's Bob Acres bad—positively and hopelessly bad.

BOOTH. Oct. 8th, 1826. Returns to the London stage in *Brutus.* Well received. More of a drunkard than of an ideot, when he first treads the stage in character. Resembled Kean two or three times very much; but is never below, and sometimes much above Kean in the same character, as where in the oration he tells the mob that mothers would point and say *there, there, that's Lucretia!*—At last he was much better. Went off well. Recalled with prodigious uproar which continued for fifteen minutes. Wallack appeared—they wouldn't listen to him. Interlude began—the noise continued. Booth! Booth! Booth! roared the multitude. After a while Wallack made himself heard—' In less than a minute after the call, I sent for Mr Booth. *He declined the honor.* I went myself. He repeats that he *respectfully* declines the honor.' Very well. Booth is praised for it in the Morning Herald. A French practice, they declare in the newspapers. But just observe the absurdity of the language put into the mouth of a *fool*—hear him acknowledge *aloud* that he had stepped in the blood of a newly slain victim, and by kissing the Earth, *fulfilled the Oracle*—hear *him* and others acknowledge it! What a speech for a fool!—and what a fool for a speech!—and why did they let him live?—who was the greater fool?—who in fact the *hero* of the play if the hero was in fact a pretended fool? N.

### A HINT FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A young married friend of ours, who is remarkably fond of Pumpkin Pie, and whose wife possesses great skill in the art of making pastry, was exceedingly pleased to see on his table a few days since, one of the joys of a yankee, rich, thick, and brown, in the vernacular, a Pumpkin Pie.—With the appetite of a gourmand he seated himself to dine—but alas! to him the beef had lost its flavour—to him the chicken was as dry as chips—his palate was evidently in order only for the pie. The good woman cut a bounteous slice and set it before him.—For a while he looked at the dainty morsel as if it were too rich to eat, but at length he tackled it—no sooner did his jaws close on the first mouthful than he sprang three feet from his chair and stood heaving and retching as if his head and heels were about to part company. The lady, surprised at the appearance of her husband, and wishing to ascertain the cause tasted also—she had better filled her mouth with aloes—the next moment she was a successful imitator of the antics of her lord.

On enquiring into the singular flavour of the heretofore favorite dish, it appeared, that the maid, for the want of ground spice, had pounded, as she supposed, allspice which she found in the closet, but which were neither more nor less than a box of 'IMPROVED HIGHAM PILLS,' manufactured and sold by *Palmer Jewis & Blake*, under the American House, Hanover Street.

THE WEBSTER VASE. A very pretty engraving of this Vase has been executed by Neale of this city. Very neat on satin for pin-cushions, &c. For sale at Jones, Lows & Ball's store.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday.

The Mayor being absent by reason of indisposition, Alderman Samuel A. Eliot was chosen chairman, pro tempore.

The proceedings of the inhabitants of Charlestown respecting Warren Bridge, were read and referred to Aldermen Lewis, Goode, and Hayward, with such as the Common Council may join, to consider and report.

Petition of John Senery and others, for leave to establish a wholesale Fish Market, near Faneuil Hall Market; referred.

The order of the Common Council, appointing a committee to report the expediency of using blocks of wood as substitutes for stone in paving the streets of the city: read and laid upon the table.

Aldermen Leighton and Gersey were added to the committee of the Common Council, consisting of Messrs Josselyn, Craft and Hunting, to examine and report what unfinished business requires the attention of the present City Council.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT—*Caution to Mothers.*—An intelligent little girl, about four years of age, daughter of Widow Mehitable Smith, residing at Mrs Hathorne's in Boylston street, was left on Tuesday by her mother with an elder sister, in a room where there was a fire, whilst she went into the next. Mrs Smith had scarcely left the room, when the child's apron and gown, which were of cotton, accidentally caught fire, and before her sister or mother, (and the mother was not absent from the room three minutes,) could get to her, her whole attire was in flames, and the poor little creature was so shockingly burnt, that she survived only until Wednesday morning at two o'clock.—*Trans.*

COLLEGE AT BUFFALO.—The Citizens of Buffalo have subscribed $120,000 for the purpose of establishing a College in their city.

ACCIDENT.—The body of a man respectably dressed, was picked up at the head of Long Wharf, on Tuesday afternoon about 6 o'clock. It appeared from the mark upon his shirt that his name was "J. Andra Whitcomb, of Bolton, Mass." He was heard to fall into the water but a few minutes before. No jury was summoned by the Coroner.

FIRE.—on Wednesday night, a stable occupied by Mr. Elisha Wheeler, on the Neck, (near Roxbury and Boston line) was destroyed by fire. Two horses, belonging to Mr. Wheeler, were burnt to death, and a third was so much injured that he probably will not survive. The store of Mr. W, and other buildings contiguous, were saved. The building was fully insured. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Engine No. 6, of Roxbury, was the only engine there. The alarm was not general in the city, owing to the rope of the South End alarm bell not being "on hand."—*Trans.*

On the 11th instant, while a number of persons were standing in front of a new brick church near Staunton, Va., the gable end was blown down by a gust of wind. Two persons were instantly killed, and one severely injured.

Charles Haynes, formerly a merchant in this city, was about two years since sentenced to the States Prison by the New York Court of Sessions, on an indictment for obtaining goods on false pretences, and the sentence was confirmed by the Supreme Court. The Court for the Correction of Errors have recently had the case under consideration, and have reversed the decision of the inferior courts, with but one dissenting voice. In the mean time Haynes has suffered two years in the States Prison.—*Boston Morning Post.*

The late Gales on the Lakes have been very destructive. Five schooners and eighteen lives were lost. A fact which conveys, more clearly than almost any thing else, an idea of the vastness of those Inland Seas.

A work, compiled from the private papers of Aaron Burr, by Matthew L. Davis, of N. York, is nearly ready for the press.

The schr. Cash, when off Cape Ann, on Monday morning, on her passage from Bath to this city, lost overbord Mr. Benj. Potter Seaman, belonging to Bowdoin, Me. He has left a wife and family at that ... Briggs ... Canton ... New York. Hoqua 2d have also been received at ... May. It was very sickly ... Hong merchant, died in May, from the East Coast, had brou... The Gov. Find... who, in April last, attempted to penetrate the party hills of Fukheen. The expedition was a failure ...

FROM MEXICO.—By the Montezuma at New York from Vera Cruz, 6th inst. advices from Mexico to 1st inst. are received.

The tidings of the recent movements in Texas had reached the capital, and as was to be expected had produced a great excitement. The most energetic measures were resorted to without a moment's delay, and there is every appearance that we shall soon hear of serious doings in the revolted province. A strong feeling of ill will and suspicion against Americans resident in Mexico was aroused, and apprehensions were entertained of injury to their persons and property.

A large number of Commissions for privateers—the account say five hundred—had been received at Vera Cruz, to be given out as occasion might require. The Archbishop of Mexico and the Bishop of Puebla had undertaken to furnish the Government with $1,000,000 to carry on the war. [This is the most important movement of the whole, for the government is notoriously afflicted with extreme proverty.]

A division of 2000 infantry had been ordered to assemble at Matamoras, and 300 cavalry under Gen. Moctezuma had begun their march to Monterry in Texas. It was said that Gen. Santa Anna himself would proceed thither to take the chief command.

The new constituton had been adopted by Congress, and proclaimed. Some opposition was made but without effect.

FROM TEXAS. Gen. Houston left San Felipe about the 22nd ultimo with a considerable reinforcement of troops to join commander in chief, Austin, near San Antonio. He was strengthened on the way by several companies. Gen. Cos, whose army consisted of 700 men, had been reinforced by 400 more. The enemy were in sight of Gen. Austin at San Antonio. In answer to Gen. Austin, who inquired how his flag would be received, Gen. Cos denounces the Texians as rebels and traitors, and refuses to listen to their petitions until they have laid down their arms.

STILL LATER. The New Orleans Union adds the annexed Postscript;—

'We learn from a gentleman who has just arrived by land from Texas, that the Texians had been able to surround General Cos, and his small army of 700 men; and that all chance of escape was shut out from him. The Texians speak confidently of an easy victory.'

MORE SHIPS OF WAR. We understand that the Navy Commissioners have made an application to the Grand Island Company, through their agents, Samuel Allen & Co., of this city, for the keel pieces of four ships of the line and five frigates, in addition to those contracted to be finished be them in August last. They will be brought down the canal early next Spring.—*N. Y. Paper*

### MARRIAGES.

In this city, John L. Harvey to Corinda B. Savage—John Hunt to Mary Ann Munroe—John S. Butters to Mrs Electa Whitman—Andrew P. Matherson to Judith S. Pierce—James H. Barnes, merchant, of N. Orleans, to Adaline Ellis—J. Chandler to Mrs Sophia Jackson—John D. Freeman to Elizabeth Brown—John S. Center to Mary A. Lockhart—Stephen Presbey, of Bradford, N. H. to Mrs. Catharine Miller—Wm. L. Sargent to Eliza Hiscock—George P. Wheeler to Francis Ann Shelton—William W. Thayer to Mrs. Elizabeth Conant—Joseph M. Smith to Charlotte Louisa Babcock—Joseph H. Judkins to Hannah W. Smith—Edward Ryan to Margaret James—Elbridge G. Carter to Sarah Hook—John Ward to Frances Adams—Gustavus Beal, of the house of Robertson, Beal & Co. of Mobile, to Abby Cornelia Blanchard—James Garland to Jane S. Pike—George H. Marden to Susan L. Harvey—John R. James of Cohasset, to Sarah Cheney—Jason Temple, of Newton, to Hannah B. Bacon, formerly of Framingham—John Parkman Jr. to Susan P. Sturgis.

At Roxbury, Edward Brinley to Ann Matilda Bartlett.

At Chelsea, Elijah Holden of Malden, to Lucy Hall.

At Watertown, John Robinson, of New Brunswick, to S. H. B. B. Cowley.

At Medford, J. P. Staniels, of this city, to Elizabeth Ann, Adams.

At Newton, Nathan Avery Eq. of East Cambridge to Harriet Bellows.

At Salem, John S. Rhodes, of this city, to Lavina Very.

At Beverly, Warren Prince to Lucinda W. Woodbury.

At North Providence, R. I. M. S. Lincoln, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Ann Borden.

At Buffalo, N. Y. Alexis Alexander Eustaphieve, son of the Russian Consul General for the U. States, to Emily Wilson.

At Fort Jackson, N. Y. on board of canal boat Genesee, Mr. Thomas Maynhood, of Saratoga, to Mrs Smith a widow lady from Ohio. The lady came on board at Buffalo, and the gentleman at Jordan—strangers to each other. After a long courtship of one hundred and forty three miles, they proceeded to tie the nuptial knot—a magistrate at Fort Jackson officiating.

At Derby, Madison County, Ohio, Asa Converse, aged 27 years, and 5 feet 4 inches high, to Thankful McCloud, aged 16 years, and 6 feet and a half an inch in stature. The happy bridegroom is said to be a wealthy merchant, and the bride an orphan girl.

### DEATHS.

In this city, Mary Ann, youngest daughter of William Vans, 16—M. M. Dubois, widow of the late Francis G. D.—Caldwell F. Hindman, upholsterer—Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Capt. William Austin, of Salem—Keziah E. wife of Horatio G. Ware—E. E. Currier, 35—James L. Colburn, 30.

At Cambridge, Asa Gillson, 63.

At Roxbury, Miss Julia Anne Dorr, 22.

At Charlestown, Hon. Samuel Dana, 63, late of Groton—Miss Esther Rand, 84.

At Chelsea, widow Sarah Floyd, 42.

At Waltham, Albert, son of Capt. Henry Moore, 21

At Hartford, Ct. Jared Griswold Esq Mayor of that city, 42.

At New York, Sally B. wife of Rev. David Pickering, formerly of Boston, and recently of Providence.

At New Orleans, William R. Potter, 31, formerly of this city.

At Natchitoches, La. William J. Sever Esq. 42, a native of Worcester, Mass; he was a Lieutenant of the Army during the last war, and subsequently for several years Consul of the United States at Santa Martha, in South America.

GREAT

## NATURAL CURIOSITY.

THE Proprietor has the pleasure to announce to the public that he has procured, at great expense, a commodious and well finished room, opposite the south west corner of Faneuil Hall, (No 7 Market Square) where his exhibition can be witnessed by persons of either sex, and of all ages, with perfect safety and convenience.

His exhibition consists of *TWO LARGE ASIATIC SERPENTS*, from 12 to 14 feet in length, perfectly docile, and may be handled with perfect safety; and the *LEARNED MONKEY, DON PEDRO*, who performs most astonishing and incredible feats, such as fencing with the sword, playing on cymbals, triangle violin, and tamborine, &c, which have amused and astonished thousands of persons in the different cities of the United States.

Hours of exhibition from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; good music accompanies the exhibition. oct 3

## RICH SILKS & MERINOS.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles.*

3 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS—colors, bronze grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, drab, a-hes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors *very low.*

5 " English and French CHINTZES, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine;*

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid paterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths, of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices.*

sep. 26 istf

## COPARTNERSHIP
*NOTICES.*

THE Subscribers have formed a copartnership in business under the firm and style of JONES. LOWS & BALL, and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, No 123 Washington street, where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW,
SAMUEL S. BALL,
GEORGE B. JONES.

June 15

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to ... JONES, LOWS & BALL, takes pleasure in recommending his ... customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payments, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington street. JOHN B. JONES.

June 15

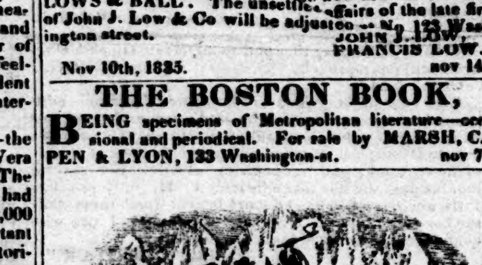
...ICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the ... JOHN J. LOW & CO, is by mutual consent this day dissolved; having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ... the patronage of their former customers and friends ... the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co will be adjusted at No 123 Washington street.

JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW.

Nov 10th, 1835. nov 14

## THE BOSTON BOOK,

BEING specimens of Metropolitan literature—occasional and periodical. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-st. nov 7




WINTER & FALL STRAINED SPERM OIL—Put up in tin canisters and sent to any part of the city, free of expense.

Cast Iron STOVES, for Coal and Wood of all descriptions.

Also, TIN WARE. Room Heaters, Venison Blazers, and a general assortment of kitchen furniture. Bathing Tubs, to sell or let. WM. B. OLIVER,

nov 7 19 Union-street, opposite Marshall-st.

## PHRENOLOGICAL BOOKS.

SPURZHEIM'S Phrenology, in 2 vols. 8vo. Vol 1st, Physiological Part with plates. Vol 2d, Philosophical Part.

Spurzheim's Phrenology in connexion with Physiognomy. Illustration of Characters, with 35 plates; 1 vol, royal 8vo. To which is prefixed a Biography of the Author, by Nahum Capen.

Spurzheim's Work on Insanity; 1 vol 8vo.

Spurzheim's Work on Education; 1 vol 12mo.

Spurzheim's Philosophical Catechism of the Natural Laws of Man; 1 vol 18mo.

Spurzheim's Examination of the objections made in Britain against the Doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim;—1 vol 12mo.

Spurzheim's Outlines of Phrenology; being also a manual of reference for the marked Bust. 1 vol 18mo.

Spurzheim's Anatomy of the Brain, with a general view of the nervous system, with an appendix, with 18 plates, 1 vol 8vo.

Combe's System of Phrenology; 1 vol 8vo, plates.

Combe's Elements of Phrenology; 1 vol 12mo.

Observations on Mental Derangement. Being an application of the Principles of Phrenology to the elucidation of the causes, symptoms, nature and treatment of Insanity. By Andrew Combe, M. D.

Combe's Lectures on Popular Education.

Dr Epps's Phrenological Essays.

Caldwell on Physical Education.

Simpson on Popular Education.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, at the Phrenological Bookstore, 133 Washington street.

oct 31 tf

## COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

## FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

## LAST MANUFACTORY.

WIGHT'S LAST MANUFACTORY, in Fulton street, is now in operation again.

The old friends and patrons of CHARLES WIGHT, are respectfully requested to '*drop in*' with their orders.

The enlargements and improvements introduced since the fire, it is hoped will enable this establishment to '*go ahead*' on such a scale as to fulfil all orders with punctuality and despatch—at any rate, no efforts will be wanting to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been extended to this establishment, since its commencement in May last.

The public are respectfully reminded that this establishment has no connection whatever with the manufactory on Front street, or the store in North Market street.

oct 3 3w No. 20, Fulton street, Boston.

## STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

READY MADE.

## CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood.

july 4 tf No 198 Tremont street,
6 doors from Court-st.

NEW STOCK OF

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city

Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

## DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Veneral Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

THE ORIGINAL

## GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

## RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large ... are entirely new, being beautiful Prints, most of which consisting of Historical, Scripture, ... from France Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary and fancy. Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Romina, &c. &c. august 29

## E. F. NEWHALL,
179, WASHINGTON-STREET,

HAS now open a fine assortment of Rich Silks—Merinos—Velvets—Shawls—Hdkfs—English and French Chintzes—Broadcloths—Cassimeres—Ladies Cloths—Flannels and other Dry Goods.

☞Purchasers are invited to examine the assortment

nov 7

## INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, *&c. &c.*

*MANUFACTURED ARTICLES*

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

*Samples can be examined as above.*

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

## SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

## FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c

sept. 19 GEORGE W EDMANDS.

## SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

## BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

## DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their *DAY SCHOOL*, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English Education

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

## MR. PADDON,
210. *WASHINGTON STREET.*

sept 12 tf

## BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
*AT VERY LOW PRICES,*
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 196 Washington Street

## FANCY PRINTING,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
*PROMPTLY EXECUTED*
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFI...

## PROSPECTUS
OF THE
## NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

*JOHN NEAL & HENRY F. HARRINGTON.*
*Assisted by several popular and well known authors.*

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with

STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which *Tales, Poetry and Essays—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc.* will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all enormities and abuse of the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer in Prizes—

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—FIFTY DOLLARS for the best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the second best TALE and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, post paid, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the directions of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

*TERMS OF THE GALAXY*—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.
22 Congress street, Boston.

November 7th. 1835.

☞To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who copy the above, and occasionally our notice of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year, provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

## CLOAKS.

A GOOD assortment of ladies' and misses' French and English Merino Cloaks—Dunstable and Florence gypsy hats and bonnets. Also a good selection of fancy ribbons. J. NIGHTINGALE.

No 287 Washington street.

nov 14 7wis

*CHAPMAN'S*

## COUGH MIXTURE,

*For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.*

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions to free and easy respiration, and produces ..., unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

*Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.*

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

## CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made use of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

*Boston, Ms. July 8th, 1835.*

... been troubled ... that for five or six years past I have use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment* and until I made would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend that in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

*FISHER'S*

## CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

*Worcester, Ms. July 20th. 1835.*

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corns*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27, India street, Boston.

Also, for sale by Druggists Generally.

oct 10 tf

*CHEMICAL*

## EMBROCATION,

*Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.*

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

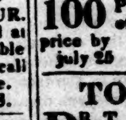
2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

## NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 77 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

## MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

## STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

## TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tasted in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

## NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS.

august 8

## PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SH...
*Being a selection from the writings, poetic... of natives of Lynn; embracing the period of its history.*

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a *few flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united;—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expences—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

APPROVED

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revived, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition. be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

*Alger's Murray's English Exercises*—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuity and accurate ...—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observ... in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References ... promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston. 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having stereotyped this popular work, the Publisher has now more worthy of the favor ... has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own.* From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work, all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy' buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. copis3m may 30

## MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

## REAL MADRAS CRAVAST

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington. ...

LINEN SHIRT

## COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars, | | | | | |
| 100 do | do | do Plain | do | do | |
| 200 do | Medium quality do | | do | do | |
| 150 do | do | Stitched | do | do | |
| 300 do | Common do Plain | | do | do | |

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

## B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, ... afternoon

## MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

### BROOKS'S LETTERS.

### NO. XXII.

### THINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Glasgow, July 4, 1835.

July 2d, toward evening, we left Oban in the Rob Roy steamer for the Crinan Canal,—and overcome by sleep, little of which I had had for two nights past, I laid down upon a sofa, and went to sleep; and though I passed through a distance of forty miles, the first idea I had was that of a hunch the clerk of the boat gave me in order to get his fare—and this was about the time we were preparing to land. The Rob Roy was an excellent steamer, for a British boat, mind you,—and we had not been long in going the forty miles. Usually the boats go through the Crinan Canal, which is about nine miles long intended to connect the navigation of the Clyde with that of the western Highlands, and thus saving a distance of 120 miles through the somewhat dangerous navigation around the Mull of Cantyre,—but as the Crinan Canal was now under repair, we were obliged to ride over to Loch Gilp (nine miles) in a cart, and there we arrived between twelve and one o'clock at night. I was too sleepy to see any thing, if there had been light to see,—but a nodding', 'we're all a nodding' was the principal part of my occupation. We made a lodgment at Loch Gilp on board of another steamer, and she was far under way on the morning of the 3d before I was awake, though my bed was as hard as the floor, my pillow a mat covered with my handkerchief, and my covering—nothing at all. Nevertheless the sleep was delicious. 'Blessed be the man' as Sancho Panza said 'that invented sleep'.

The place whence the steamer started is called Lochgilphead—not so much euphony in that! and the name of our steamer was 'the Dunoon Castle'—a so-so boat. We sailed down the Loch Fine,—and I aroused up at a place called Tarlet, that was full of fishing vessels, and full of people too. On we went further down Loch Fine, but anon we turned to the north to go around the island of Bute, and soon we were in the Kyles of Bute, as they are called, a narrow strait north of the island. Then we turned south again passing along the coast [of] Rothesay; where are to be seen the remains of an ancient royal castle, all covered with ivy, except its windows. Rothesay gave the title of Dukes to the eldest sons of the Scottish kings, which is continued to the heir apparent of the British throne. About here now, the Marquis of Bute has a splendid mansion, surrounded by one of the finest woods of which the country can boast. Soon we were in the Firth of Clyde, turning northward again. Dunoon was passed. Greenock was soon in sight—a busy bustling place, that has so much trade with America,—with a Custom House of Grecian architecture, (all I saw of the city) beautiful, and of beautiful materials too. Steamboats are thick here. They were whizzing past us in all directions. But our steamer made but a short tarry, only to let out old, and to take in new passengers. Port Glasgow was not far off—a port subservient to the use of the Glasgow people some miles above, and made much use of before the river Clyde was made as navigable as it is now. Beyond here, behind the town, are some noble hills, but now miserably obscured in coal smoke. Opposite is the coast of Dumbarton and Argyleshire, abounding in gentlemen's seats. The celebrated Dumbarton Castle—a rock shooting up to the height of 560 feet out of the alluvial plain, where a river joins the sea, measuring a mile in circumference, terminating in two sharp points, one higher than the other, and sprinkled over with with houses and batteries. This rock is of basaltic nature, and has probably been projected out of the earth by some strange convulsion. It is supposed to be the Balclutha of Ossian, and … Dun Britton of the Caledonians;—and … gleaming castle—hence the Dunbarton … present day. The castle makes a figure in all Scottish history. In former times it was deemed impregnable, and as it commanded the Clyde, and the highlands in part, its possession was deemed of the utmost importance. But in 756, Egbert, king of Northumberland reduced it by famine. In 1571, a captain Crawford with a body of soldiers in the service of the Regent Lenox, scaled the rock and ramparts under the cloud of night, and at daybreak took the place from Queen Mary's friends. Here Sir John Monteith, who is represented as the betrayer of Wallace into the hands of the English, took that famous hero. The highest pinnacle of the rock is now called Wallace's tower, probably from its having been the place where he was confined. Even now this fortress is garrisoned, and the sentinel is seen on his round, for at the Union of England and Scotland, it was one of the four fortresses stipulated by the treaty, to be kept up in the country. Stirling is another.

Near by, and emptying into the sea here is the river Leven whose vale Smollet has made … beautiful ode to the Leven W… Humphrey Clinker too, has a locality here, and here Smollet was born, and here is a monument to his memory with an inscription by Dr. Johnson. But the Leven is no longer what it was in Smollet's day, that rural stream filled with bowers of birch and groves of pine—

'And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,—

for, as its waters are so limpid and so pure, its banks are covered with bleaching, and printfields.

At Dunbarton, the Clyde begins to change from an estuary to a river. We passed Dunglass Castle, where was the fort which terminated the Roman wall in this direction. Think of these Romans sending their legions, and building their walls here! The current of the Clyde was now hemmed in by a stone wall on either side, so as to deepen the water, and make it navigable in low tide. Vessels of all sizes, shapes, and character, now thickened upon us. Now came a steamer, with its train of thick black smoke. English steamers have no fire works such as our boats make. Anon, we were passing some larger ship that some other steamer had in tow. A river that would hardly be called a river with us, so small, so narrow, so confined, that steamers pass almost side by side when the tide is out, is here made to bear on its tide all the commerce of a great city of more than 200,000 inhabitants. We passed some beautiful seats too. Anon whole tiers of steamers were in sight,—and from the number I might have fancied I was on the New Orleans levee, but the boats had masts or were much smaller than the Mississippi boats in size.

By two o'clock,—and we started at six from Lochgilphead—we had found our luggage waiting for us, in a most delightful Hotel in Glasgow,—and there after a change of apparel so that we hardly knew each other, the landlord, I am sure, having mistaken me when I came down in another garb, so that I had to tell him that *I* was *I* but in another dress—we began a stroll over the city, and its suburbs, and to deliver a letter or two, so as to see what was to be seen as rapidly as possible. As the Cathedral was one of the most interesting sights of the city, we started to see that first. Of this Cathedral it is remarkable as the only church of ancient Scotland that is saved from ruin, or fanatic zeal. In 1579, the furious reformers did attempt to pull this down, but the craftsmen of the city, with a feeling that will honor them with all posterity, threatened death to the person who should dare to remove the first stone. The magistrates to preserve the peace of the city, were under the necessity of engaging to preserve the Cathedral,—but a compromise was agreed upon on condition that the saints and images should be knocked down,—so that as one of the old historians says, 'the idolatrous statues o' saints being taken out of their neuks, and broken in pieces, and flung into the burn, the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kamed off her, and a' body was alike pleased.'

Almost all the towns of any antiquity owe their origin to the situation of a castle, a religious building or a sea port. This town undoubtedly owed its origin to the Cathedral, around which the first streets of the town clustered. The Cathedral now—it was never fully finished,—transept and all is a stupendous dusky fabric, of Gothic architecture, with a gloomy rather than an elegant aspect. Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole Cathedral is the vaulted cemetery, underneath the eastern division of the Cathedral where the declivity of the ground makes allowance, as it were, for the inferior story. Here there is a half sub-terraneous range of sepulchral vaults, in which divine service was regularly performed, till the beginning of the present century. In 'Rob Roy' a vigorous sketch is given of its appearance and the impression it made upon Francis Osbaldistone. It is, in truth, of itself, a profound and gloomy cemetery,—and the glimmering light only adds more horror to the scene. An extensive burial ground surrounds the Cathedral, almost completely floored over with tombstones, which here lie flat upon the graves. On a high bank opposite the Cathedral is a monument with a colossal statue of John Knox, who, says the inscription, was the chief instrument under God, of the reformation in Scotland.

We next looked at the Colleges. It was too late in the day to get into them. The Hunterean Museum, that the celebrated anatomist, Hunter, bequeathed to this institution, we also lost sight of, for its keeper's wife was just on the point of death, and it therefore could not be seen. A large piece of ground is behind the college, formed into a Park or Green, interspersed with trees and hedges, and always kept in grass as the student's walk—but over it and about, the thick coal smoke, from I know not how many manufactories,—is so annoying, that it is the very last place one would visit for the pleasure of the walk. But I cannot describe all these things, nor is it worth the while. The Charities are numerous. The manufactories are many and rich.—There is a Botanic Garden of six and a half Scotch acres. The walls of the Town Hall are decorated with trophies and full length portraits of the British sovereigns, commencing with James Sixth of Scotland. I read at the Tontine Coffee Room, which, with a liberality elsewhere almost unknown in Britain, is freely open to all strangers,—N. York papers, items, scraps, ship news, old advertisements and all, fumbling over the paper, over and over again, just to try its feeling, and welcoming the sight as of an old friend whom I had not seen for many a day.—There is a monument in this city to Lord Nelson of course, for as I said before, every city of any pretensions must have a monument to him. Sir John Moore, who was born here, also has a monument to his memory; and 'King William III.' is on a pedestal in front of the Exchange Rooms. But I have forgotten 'the Royal Exchange,'—an edifice intended to afford the merchants in the west, a public news room, and place of meeting for business. This is said to be the finest building for this purpose in the world, and probably this is no exaggeration. The wonder is, 'how could so much money be raised as is necessary to put up such a building?' The answer, that it *was* raised, lets one into an idea of the wealth and liberality of the merchants here.

I was delighted with the little I saw of the people of Glasgow. Pity such good people should live in such a cloud of sooty smoke. Indeed it is the only Republican city on this island of Great Britain. The people are Whigs, and very Whiggish too. They discuss political matters with all the American good sense. Commerce and Wealth do not seem to have upset their equality There is not here that continual fret and roar that there is elsewhere in this country between the upper and lower classes of society. They love the Americans too, and admire our institutions. The little fact of their open Reading Rooms speaks volumes in their favor. I went into a bookseller's here, and he discussed our affairs with great intelligence, for a Briton, mind ye. He shewed me a file of American autographs that he had collected,—but how would many of our great men be humbled in their pride, if I were to write out the questions he put about them,—his entire ignorance of who they are,—though he, among all the intelligent men I have seen here, is about the best informed in American matters. How remarkable is this difference between us and the British. We know all about them—all their history, all their politics, all their distinguish[ed men]—[they know little or] nothing of us. I argue that this ignorance is not so much in their praise. They will wake up, by and by, from their Rip Van Winkle sleep, and learn that the world is yet going on. This bookseller showed me some American books that he had re-published, but 'I was obliged,' said he, 'to mingle English extracts with them to make them sell.' Fiddle de dee. B.

### NO. XXIII.

### THINGS IN IRELAND.

Dublin, July, 7, 1835.

I have taken a leap, you see, since my last, over the Channel;—and here I am with Teddy O'Rooke and Patrick O'Flannagan,—among this eccentric people, with all heart and no head, (I speak of the mass,) loving liberty more than all other people, and enjoying less of it,—pursuing the substance, and catching the phantom,—daring *any* thing, and suffering *every* thing,—with a chivalry that infuriates, but never aids them,—capable of being made the best people on earth, but now almost the worst,—jovial in every thing, begging or burying, (I speak of the wakes,) starving or fat,—fighting for fun as well as for glory,—or, as the couplet has it—

'In …ation delighting,
Laughing, while fighting.'

Indeed I never knew what to make of the Irish as a people. They do not come under any of the common descriptions of the human race. They are as widely different from the English or Scotch, as the channel that separates them,—with much better materials to make men of, and not yet half so much of men. I dont know here half the time whether I should laugh or mourn for the very beggars are such wits, and beg so humorously, that though their appearance betokens an extreme of suffering, yet their countenances are so jovial, that one is puzzled to know what to make of them. Half of my time I fancy it is all acting, and that Dublin is a great theatre—for such splendid pictures do you here see of the height of affluence, mingled with the lowest poverty, that you cannot believe this to be real life, that exhibits such gorgeous edifices and trappings here, and such degradation there. It looks like a play,—an odd farce that some ingenious man has got up in a huge theatre to put men in the highest and lowest possible conditions of life, and that here he has grouped them by way of contrast. If I jump out of the way of some noblem[an's] carriage, I fall, perchance, into a circle, or more sp… I take my eye from the … rags that hardly cover the nakedness of some miserable beings. Thus is there collected here, all that can delight, and all that can pain the eye. Pleasure is sadly mingled with pain. There is more splendor, and more poverty collected in one single point here—a view say, from the bridge over the Liffey at the end of Sackville street,—than I have seen any where in England or in Scotland; for here you have a view of the Bank, the Colleges, the Custom House, the magnificent quay, and of every rich livery that passes,—and also of the thick groupes of ragged beggars who crowd here to beset every stranger as he goes along!

I must, however, take you back with me to Scotland, from which, if I have leaped, I have leaped very unceremoniously. I did not go to see Bothwell Castle near Glasgow, so famous in Scottish history, at which many will say *Pro pudor!*—but I had no time. If one stops here to see all the interesting old castles, he will stop forever. Nor did I visit the Falls of the Clyde. I have seen enough of British waterfalls, not to be tempted out of my path again. The Scotch lovers of scenery complain bitterly of the manner in which the romance and poetry of the Clyde near Glasgow, have been destroyed by cotton mills, coal pits, &c. &c. In this respect, it must resemble much of the wild scenery in New England. A writer here in describing this country about here, exclaims in indignation, 'it is in fact *mill-ridden*—fairly subjugated, turned, tormented, *touzled* and *galraivished* by the demon of machinery. Steam, he adds, like a pale night hag, kicks and spurs the sides of oppressed nature, and smoke arises on every hand as if to express the unhappy o'd dame's vexation and fatigue.' There is too much truth in that.

Toward the evening of the 4th, we embarked from Glasgow for Dublin. Steamboats were putting off for all points of the compass. An iron steamer, I remarked, passed us with great ease, gliding through the water, making half the disturbance we made, which, I can assure you, was not inconsiderable, as we threw up large waves on both banks of the narrow Clyde. As we went along, I could not help remarking a trait in Irish character. As we came near a little village, I believe it was Kilpatrick, a hundred or more Irishmen who were there at work with their wheel-barrows, began a most tremendous hurraing in honor as I saw of one of their companions who was in our boat bound to Dublin;—and then the fellow himself was so elated by this acclamation of his countrymen, that he leaped and roared like one insane, fired with an enthusiasm which but few people are infected with in the manner that the Irish are. Every Irishman, in short, seemed to be ordering their companion to do some little errand for him at home. Now no where but with the Irish, would there be such an outbreak for a companion's departure as there was here.—These traits of character which, when well directed, make the Irish the best hearted people in the world.

Rapidly we left the *men* of Glasgow, (for in common parlance here, *men* live in Glasgow, *folk* in Greenock, and *bodies* in Paisley—as in Lancashire, where they classify the people of the different towns from *gentlemen* down to *chaps*—the difference between which any physiologist will tell you,)—and soon after dark we began to feel the pitching of these hateful seas. Our beds or settees were so arranged, by turning the seats into beds, and fixing a frame work above them, that one man slept just above another, with but little to separate them,—and here the heels of one passenger were in the face of another. Now I will leave you to draw your own picture of the condition of human beings shut up in a hot, pestilential cabin,—too cold without to let cold air within, and too hot within, to venture without,—particularly when Neptune, that rascally o'd sea tyrant, is exacting from all severe tribute for venturing to go over his rough domain. However, 'blessed be the man that invented sleep.' All the ills of life are over when one is asleep. Morpheus took care of me,—and Neptune growled in vain. You see I am becoming classical at once.

By the next morning at 9 o'clock, we were entering Carrickfergus Lough, into which the river Lagan, on which Belfast stands, empties itself. The tide was out, and it was with much difficulty that we reached Belfast by noon.—Here we spent the day. Belfast looks very like an American town, and is nearly all of brick. So much does it resemble some of our American towns, that when I saw some American ships in port, the illusion for a while quite amounted in my mind to a reality. Belfast is flourishing, and in it there seems to be much wealth. It did not at all resemble what I supposed an Irish town would resemble—for in it I saw none of that squalid wretchedness that soon became visible in other parts of Ireland. The northern part of Ireland, in which the Protestants have full control, is much more prosperous than the southern part, where the people are saddled by two religions which quarrel so fiercely together that either seems to be a curse instead of a blessing—for I am sorry to say, that *religion*, or rather what is called religion, can be made a curse as well as a blessing, as both catholicism and protestantism are made in many parts of the island—the protestants plundering the poor people under the character of law, and the catholics in revenge destroying property, and refusing to partake of the blessings that an education in a protestant school might give their poor ignorant children. Belfast exhibits all the signs of a flourishing town. The charity-institutions are very numerous. The buildings are good, without being remarkable. Belfast, you know, is celebrated for her linens.

We debated at Glasgow whether or not we should go to see the celebrated Giant's Causeway, which would have cost us to and fro, an out-of-the way travel of a hundred miles,—but as we had seen the superior specimen at Fingal's cave in Staffa, we concluded to start for Dublin at once, which was distant 104 English miles, and 80 Irish miles, for there are two kinds of miles here—eleven *Irish* miles making *fourteen* English miles,—a fact which it is important for an American to understand even in America, when he is reckoning distances with an Irishman there. The morning that we started, there were in the coffee room, a party of twelve Americans without ourselves, three in number,—and in the coach we found three more, bound with us to Dublin.—I was delighted with the precision with which we moved. At the very moment appointed, we started. At every stopping place, the time of our arrival was checked. The guard had in his hand the way bill, and the time, beyond which the coach must *not* be at certain stopping places all along the road. All was as regular as clock could manage it.

From Belfast to Lisburn, seven Irish miles, the ride was very agreeable. The banks of the Lagan here which we kept, are fertile, and much adorned with elegant residences, hedge-rows, raised foot-paths, woods and copses. Hillsborough, a pretty town,—with plantations of trees, and cultivated environs next met our attention. Dromore was the next considerable town, and this is near the river Lagan, with a Cathedral, and a Roman Catholic Chapel. But it is of no use to put down all the towns I passed, where they are so thick as they are [here]. … after, the beggars began to appear, thronging our coach, and begging a penny 'for the love of God'—beggars of every age, some with eyes, but without arms, some with legs and arms and no eyes,—ragged and filthy, more wretched structures of mortality than I had ever seen before.—'For the love of God, give me a sixpence.' they would begin, or 'give me a penny.' I have not had any thing to eat—I don't know how long. If you exhausted your pockets of pennies, more would throng around you, and beg the harder. If you chatted with them the Irish wit would leak out amid all their affliction. They clung to the coach till the very moment it started—and thus it was all the way to Dublin, only the further we advanced the thicker the beggars became. Loughbrickland, 'the lake of the speckled trout' was passed. I mention this place to say that on this Lough, the Protestants were driven in the great rebellion, and the ice breaking, hundreds sunk to the bottom. Newry we also passed, said to be the most flourishing place in the county of Down. But as we went on,—on much further than this,—the country began to look much worse, and the people much more miserable. We passed a place, I think it was Lord Clermont's—a beautiful place on the banks of a beautiful rivulet, near the sides of a lofty hill, all buried in a thickly-clustering wood—and this seat any man might envy the possession of, were it not for the contrast of this beauty with the horrid ugliness—the dreadful poverty all around. Why, this was a paradise,—but the other prospect was a—I cannot find a word to answer my purposes. How can a man live and be happy there! How can he see such sights, and live in such an Eden himself, such muddy huts, such beggary, such human degradation all about him! I do not wonder that the Irish nobility flee their homes, if they are such as this. A man with half a heart could not endure such existence there. There must be something wrong in the man himself, when there is about him such a picture,—though how this is in this particular case, I cannot say.

We passed immense peat bogs on the road, used as fuel, quite the only fuel, at least with the poorer classes. How strange this phenomenon is, of the ancient forests thus ruining the land on which they were,—and I did not think before, that a removal of this peat, and an approach to the ancient soil was a service to the land!—This peat is bought and sold often by a single retail brick, poor retail it, as we might …, or carried to market. It is carried about as other things are. We passed Dundalk, which was the bulwark of what was once termed 'the English Pale,'—and was surrounded on all sides by strong castles, and castellated mansions of the English Barons. Now it was the Monday of the Fair, and it was so full of people, that though the guard blew fierce blasts from his horn, we cou'd hardly make a way. Drogheda too we passed—a town that Cromwell stormed and took, … Balruddery, famous for cakes, and that is all, is the only name of the town I will write again till I get to Dublin—but before I get there, I must tell you of its miserable villages on this the northern suburbs—all so horrid, and wretchedly poor,—with no walks, no cleanliness—thrown up of stone or made with stucco, but all so miserably done, as to make you think even the rapid galloping horses go slow. The environs of Dublin are unpromising. All is unpromising, all about—and you begin to think that Dublin is not worth the coming to see. With this impression you enter the city,—you reach Sackville street, the Broadway of the city,—and all the splendor that you then begin to see, is therefore magnified the more. We travelled the 104 English miles in about eleven hours, over a McAdamized road of course—as good as need be for safety and rapidity;—and we were no more fatigued than if we had been sitting in our rooms. So little was the motion that we could have read all the way with ease. B.


## ANNUALS FOR 1836.

FISHER'S *Drawing Room Scrap Book.* With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. With thirty-six engravings.
*Friendship's Offering*, and Winter's Wreath, with eleven engravings.
*Forget-Me-Not*, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing eleven engravings.
*The Gift*, edited by Miss Leslie, with nine engravings.
*The Token* and Atlantic Souvenir, edited by S. G. Goodrich, with twelve engravings.
*The Religious Souvenir*, edited by Chauncey Cotton, D. D. President of Bristol College, Penn. With eight engravings.
*The Pearl*, or Affection's Gift, with seven engravings.
*The Magnolia*, edited by Henry W. Herbert, with thirteen engravings.
Also, a variety of other valuable Books, in rich arabesque, calf and morocco binding, for Christmas, Birthday and New Year's presents.
New Annuals received as soon as published by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
nov 7 133 Washington-st.

## LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
337, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.
He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

## CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.
It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition.
H. HASTINGS WELD.
*** Subscriptions received by E. R. Broaders, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the Boston Pearl, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

## WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever. Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods, at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.
Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the most common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

## MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.
N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.
Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 ly

## BUTLER'S
*EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,*

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous debility, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomiums, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article; it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.
Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

SUPERIOR STYLE
## OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.
Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen Sheetings.
The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

## FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.
may 16

## TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

## MAN'S GREATEST AND
*—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—*
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy the … superior excellency … reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.
"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, … a fair than thirty years. He has through life maintained integrity reputation His character for truth … it impeached. stands high. Indeed I have … JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. …th, 1834."
"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8. 1834."
Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."
Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."
For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 ly

## DR. J. K. PALMER'S
*Compound Fluid Extract of*
*SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.*

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.
The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use
From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.
Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.
Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

## A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.
july 11

BOSTON
## INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:
Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.
Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

## WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE. New York, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. Air Bed's—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO. Boston

## NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents of the work. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

## BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.
N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. ly may 2

## ACCORDIONS,
*WITH SEMITONES.*

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

## PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

## PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels. Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold
The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich
N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of … will here stated, relative to the Vegetable E… street, Boscall on one of the proprietors, No. … which will accompany, besides the recommend… and most satisfactory evidence will … each bottle, other … respecting it.
… sale and retail by one of the Proprietors For General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street, Sold also by Maynard & Noyes 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Heuchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

## BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Gangreen, &c. &c. &c Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains; Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.
Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.
In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than cay be told you.
Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

## DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 8

*Compound Syrup of*
**ICELAND MOSS.**

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.
ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.
The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.
In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.
And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.
The above article may be obtained of PALMER JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

## TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principal Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

## DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and house of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimeres, Rowen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 3s per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 5-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER.
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

## CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
*INDIGESTION, &c. &c.*

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians of Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.
Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.
*Different kinds of Trusses.*
Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.
Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz
Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

## NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Ch. Caldwell, M. D.
*Veritas atque utilitas antiquitatis* … IN VAN BUREN. CROCKETT'S LIFE … 
THE LIFE OF EKARA. By L. E. L. author of Francesca …
… H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.
THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836. Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133. Washington street. august 1

## DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing and among them are the following:
Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board. &c. &c. june 6

## FOUND

IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place.
oct 10 3t

## BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Nataleusis, Tigridia Couchiflora &c.
june 20

## COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.
Refer to Messrs.
Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.
BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

## REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

## BROADCLOTHS.
*NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c*
*For sale at* JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store* *No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.
This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

## NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c., 3 volumes.
*The Token* and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.
*The Gift* for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.
*Memoirs of Great Commanders*, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volums.
*Nuts to Crack*, or Quips. Quirks, Anecdotes and facetiæ of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.
For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 25

## HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

[F]OR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS.)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

## RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. august 3